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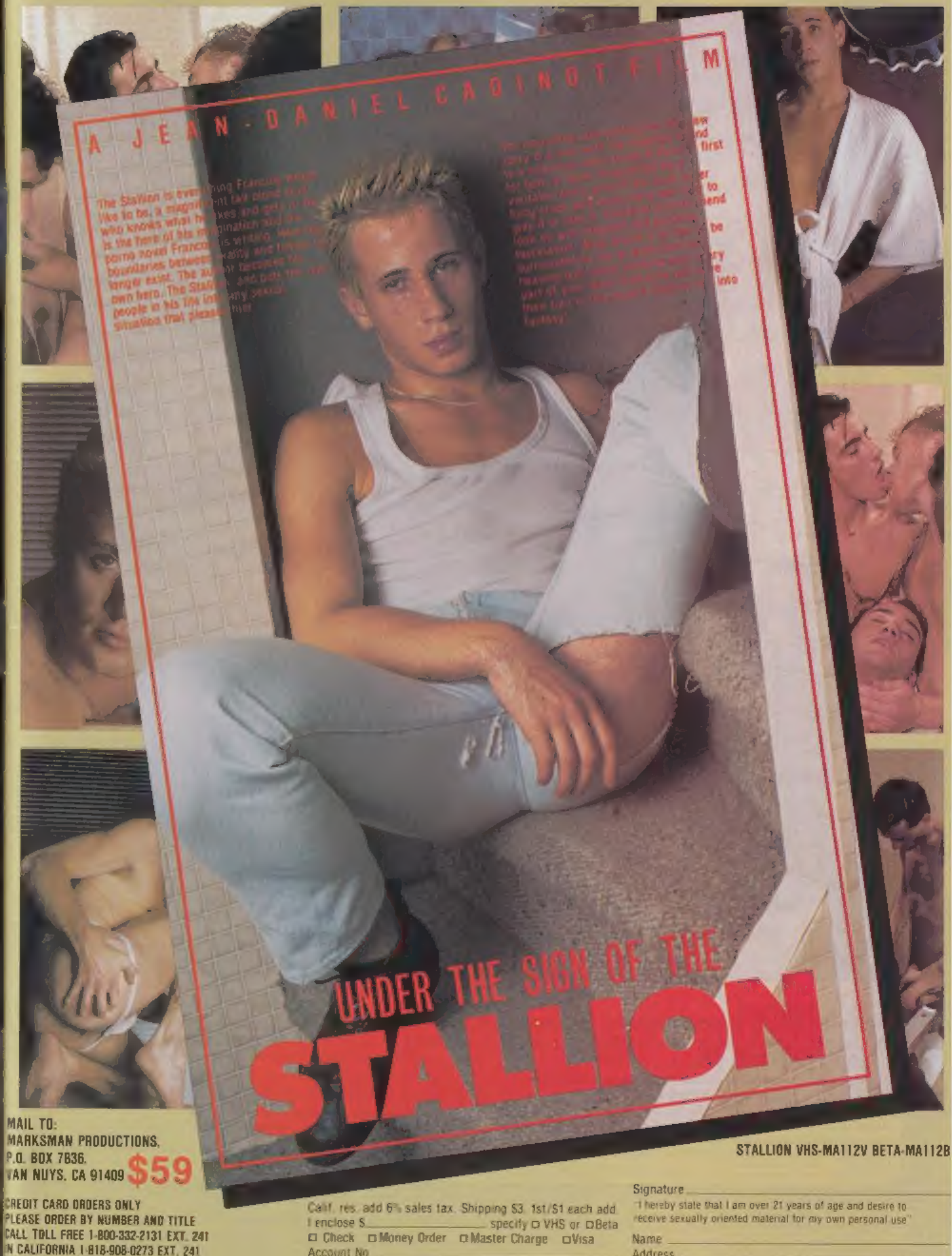

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HONCHO

DECEMBER 1987
VOLUME 10 NUMBER 12

COVER PHOTO BY CITYBOY

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I WANT JEFF

BY PIERCE
PHOTOS BY CHRIS MORRIS

I didn't think I could ever become sexually excited over another man. After I married Jill, I was so hot for cunt that I would fuck her until I thought my balls would fall off. At first, Jill loved it and held nothing back. We had a great marriage that first year. I was a happy, productive man and could hardly wait to get home and screw all night—every night. Everything was perfect. Until her brother came to stay with us.

We had an extra bedroom across from ours, and we let Jeff have it while he was in a special training program for the Army before leaving for duty in Europe. As good-looking as Jill was, I took one look at Jeff and decided that he'd got all the best genes in the family. He was thirty-four at that time, Jill's older brother in a family of four. He had gone to college on a football scholarship and was every inch a jock. Big and masculine, he filled out his Army uniform as if it had been painted on him.

Many nights I'd be lying in bed and hear Jeff enter the house after a late workout at his gym. The bedroom doors were always open, and the bureau in our room was angled so that in the mirror I could see Jeff as he undressed.

One night there was a full moon and I was restless and horny. Jill had cramps

and wouldn't fuck, and I had a hard-on that wouldn't quit. So I decided I'd wait until Jeff came back to his room and then go into the bathroom and jerk off, just so I could get some sleep. I'd been playing with myself and was already streaking the sheets with pre-cum.

I heard Jeff leave the bathroom, and in the mirror I watched as he pulled the towel from those lean hips and started to dry his short, dark hair. His middle section was creamy ivory, and his tan line showed off high, rounded butt cheeks. I couldn't help but admire his body, and the massive muscle between his legs. He had a fan of dark hair on his chest and a washboard stomach that rippled as he massaged his head with the towel.

He moved the towel down to his cock and briskly rubbed it, then his balls, and finally up between the crack of his butt cheeks. The toweling caused a hard-on that stuck almost straight out from his groin, and his cock continued to rise until it was lying flat against his belly, the head even with his navel.

After turning off the overhead light, he snapped on the small bedside lamp and threw that big body onto his bed. He lay back, propped up his head on two pillows, and reached for one of his textbooks. As he read, he gently fondled his balls and ran his fingers up and down his hard cock.

After a while, I realized how hard I was fisting myself. I was almost ready to shoot. Jeff let his cock beat against his belly like

There was something about Jeff that drove me wild. I had never been into guys at all, but he was making me horny as hell. I'd make excuses to use the john while he was in the shower, just to get a look at his body. Every time I saw him, I got incredibly hot and tingly. Could I be queer?

a baseball bat while he caressed his taut belly and tugged at his cock bush. Then he started drawing his foreskin up and down. And all the while he kept reading! I couldn't understand how he could concentrate.

I'd never seen another man jack off, not even in high school, and I tried to convince myself that I was just curious. But I knew it was more than that, and no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't turn my eyes away from that mirror. My heart was pounding in my chest, and my forehead was beaded with sweat. I squeezed my cock hard and tried to keep from coming. If only I didn't come, maybe I could still believe I wasn't queer.

Jeff slid the book down over his belly, and it came to rest against the base of his cock. The book forced his hard-on straight up into the air, and he looked down at it as a thick blob of pre-cum oozed out the dilated piss slit and slid slowly down the shaft to his balls.

With a deep sigh, he set the book on the floor, reached under his bed, and pulled out a dog-eared copy of a skin magazine. Again he reached under the bed, and this time he held up a dirty wool sock. Believe me, I knew what that sock was for. Before I was married, I had a sock for a cum rag myself. I knew now that I was going to see Jeff jack off all the way.

I closed my eyes and took a few deep breaths. When I opened my eyes again, I saw Jeff looking at the photos in the magazine, his knees drawn almost to his chest but very wide apart. He was jacking slowly, drawing his foreskin up and down over his helmet-shaped cockhead, the glans a deep purplish red and slick as glass. He found a photo that seemed to be a major turn-on, and his hand moved faster up and down his shaft.

Suddenly he got up on his knees and laid the open magazine on top of the sheets. Immediately he tilted his pelvis forward, aimed his cock at the centerfold, and blasted a volley of cum all over it.

When he was done, he wiped off his dick with the sock, then returned sock and magazine to their hiding place under the bed. He lay back down, heaved a sigh, pulled up the sheet, and snapped off the light.

I quickly ran to the bathroom and jumped into the shower stall. I shot immediately, and my load spattered the tiled wall. I wiped it off, then ran cold water over my dick, splashed my face, and headed back to the bedroom. At the door, I heard Jeff calling to me. I hoped he couldn't see my still-aroused dick.

"Hey, you okay?" he asked.

"Yeah. Full moon tonight. Can't seem to sleep. I'm restless."

He chuckled. "Jill's on the rag, right, buddy?"

"Right."

"Shit, go into the head and beat off. Then you'll sleep."

"I just did," I replied, watching his big hand kneading his balls under the sheet.

Again he chuckled. Then he said goodnight and rolled over onto his side.

I crawled back into bed. Maybe two hours later I drifted off to sleep. I dreamed about Jeff of course. I dreamed that I was lying on his bed as he stood over me shooting an endless stream of hot cum onto my face. Next morning I woke up with a cummy crotch. I hadn't had a wet dream since I was thirteen years old.

That night changed my life. From then on, I was obsessed with Jeff's body.

I knew Jeff was having a hard time with his studies. Guess who volunteered to help him. I started quizzing him before his exams. He'd pace the bedroom, rubbing his dick. Sometimes he'd stop and put a foot up on the bed, exposing those lemon-sized balls. Often, he'd throw himself face-down on the bed and, while trying to answer a particularly difficult question, hump the mattress. I don't think he knew what the hell he was doing. I was sure he didn't know what he was doing to *me*.

Suddenly he'd jump up, dress, and leave the house. "I gotta get laid. I can't think anymore." And off he'd go. Later, I'd grab Jill and hump her until she screamed, all the time picturing Jeff's body and that horse cock of his plowing some faceless pussy.

I was constantly walking into the bathroom when he was showering, on the pretext that I had to piss. I'd sneak peeks at him through the clear-plastic curtain and watch him lather his pecs and armpits and then wrap a soap-slicked hand around his cock and wash it until it got hard.

I fucked Jill every morning as well as at night, and I was so violent and so relentless that she threatened to throw me out of the bedroom one night. More than once she wouldn't let me touch her because her pussy was so sore. She was sore, and I—no matter how many times I fucked her—remained unsatisfied.

Living in the same house with Jeff kept me in a constant state of sexual excitement. Jeff and I spent more and more time together. We went bowling or just hung out together. I started working out with Jeff in the evenings. Sometimes when we finished late, we would wait to shower until we got home. Sitting next to him in the truck and smelling his sweaty body always gave me a hard-on.

One night after our workout we stopped off for a beer. Jill was visiting her mother back home in Ohio, so there was no need to rush home. After *several* beers Jeff headed for the john, and I followed him. I didn't need to piss, but I was desperate for a glimpse of his cock. He let out a sigh of

relief as the piss foamed into the urinal, and I managed a trickle as my excuse for being there beside him. He gave his cock a few shakes and pulled the foreskin back over the head, then turned more quickly than I had expected and caught me watching him. He didn't say anything. Neither did I.

On the way home Jeff turned to me and said, "How about a boys' night out at the X-rated drive-in with a couple of six-packs. Hell, it's Friday night. Jill's in Ohio. Why go home?"

"Sounds good to me," I said. Truth was, it sounded great. The prospect of watching Jeff get a hard-on while drooling over a porn flick gave me goose bumps.

He pulled the pickup into the last row just as the flick was starting. The first part was funnier than it was erotic, and we laughed ourselves silly, really having a good time.

"Shit, this is rotten," Jeff said.

Then he turned off the sound and, looking straight at me, opened his legs and rested a hand over his crotch. I was horny as hell for him, but I wasn't ready. I turned back to the fuck flick.

"You know, Jim, you remind me of a guy I knew in Nam. Helluva nice guy." He opened another can of brew. "We got along real good together." He took a long draw of beer, then lowered the beer to his cock and rubbed it back and forth. "Yeah," he said, "we got along *real* good."

I watched as he kept moving that beer can around his cock in a slow motion, his basket steadily swelling. I looked at his face. He was staring at me like a cat watching a mouse, his lips slightly parted.

"I had something he wanted," he went on, "and he was able to do something for me." He drew his zipper down until I could see his enormous cockhead already wetting the jock pouch. "We had some good times together." His free hand moved down into his fatigues and rubbed his balls. "Even your mouth looks like his . . . full, red, slick." He lifted his balls up and pushed the fatigues down a few inches. "You know what I mean, Jim?"

I nodded, almost sick with excitement as he tugged his cock out one side of his jock and it stood fully erect. I sat there shaking all over. The object of my desire was being offered to me, and I couldn't make a move to touch it.

He placed the can of beer on the floor, reached over and took my hand, and placed it on his cock. When he removed his hand, I held on to his pulsing cockflesh. I held still.

"It's been a long time since Nam. It sure would be nice to have someone I could do a favor for—and vice versa. Right Jim?"

I nodded.

He removed my hand, pulled up his pants, and zipped up. I almost cried out. Was this just a trap to see if I would touch his dick so he could tell Jill? I was frozen in a cold sweat.

"This isn't the place for what I have in mind. Let's go back to the house."

In his bedroom, I sat on the edge of the bed, and he stood in front of me, his crotch at my eye level. I looked up. He wasn't smiling.

"Go ahead, boy, get it hard." He moved closer, till I could feel the heat from his body. "What's the matter? Aren't you ready to give your daddy's cock a workout?"

Was he calling himself daddy because he was older? I didn't know. I didn't care. With shaking hands I pulled down his zipper, and he gripped the back of my head and pulled my face into his crotch. I started chewing and sucking on his piss-stained jock pouch, right over the head of his cock.

He spread his legs and whispered, "Yeah, that's it, kid. Make your daddy feel good. Take it out of the jock and suck it up good."

I pulled the jock down below his balls. His cock hit my forehead, and he took it in

Continued to page 69

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"Eat cum," Kyle ordered me. "You're so good at sucking, try this." He put one hand on his cock and with the other hand, he grabbed my hair and pushed my head back. "Take it," he said, pushing his cock into my mouth.

Leather Times Three

by alex north • art by pierce

I needed a job. Fresh out of college with a degree in history, I had discovered, like thousands of other liberal arts graduates, that there was a very small market for people who knew the strategies of both sides in the Battle of Hastings. But there were two things working for me. First, my looks. A corn-fed Midwestern boy standing six feet tall with short brown hair and deep, blue-green eyes, I had run cross-country at State all four years, swam when I could and worked out every day. Second, I can type seventy words words per minute.

I moved to Kansas City and looked for secretarial work. I got a job at an insurance company whose ad called for "Office help, no experience necessary, good pay and great fringe benefits." Kyle, the personnel manager, hired me on the spot to work in his department. The pay was good but the fringe benefits seemed only average. What had they meant by "great fringe benefits," I wondered?

I had been with the firm for a month before I knew for sure that Kyle was gay. I had suspected it all along, and I had hoped my suspicion was well founded. Kyle was my idea of a real man: well over six feet tall, curly black hair, chiseled features, and great build. His business suits were tailored to fit his powerful body, with just enough of a bulge in the crotch to tantalize.

When I fantasized about Kyle, I got hard really fast.

One morning I had to go to the file room, and I decided to stop in the bathroom and beat off, that would satisfy my desire for Kyle, at least momentarily. Passing his office I saw him and another man bent over some papers on Kyle's desk. They looked up and smiled.

I felt light-headed walking into the tiny bathroom at the end of the hall. I took off my sport coat and hung it up, dropped the file folder on the floor, unbuckled my pants and pulled them—and my red bikini briefs—to the floor and sat on the john, my legs spread wide. Taking my cock in hand, I closed my eyes and squeezed it, moaning softly. I moved my hands up and down the shaft, undressing Kyle in my mind, slowly loosening the tie, unbuttoning the shirt, pulling off the black, pointed boots, undoing the pants and pulling them down. As I did, I lost control and shot a geyser of cum all over my shirt and tie. I jumped up and stared down at my cum-soaked clothing.

Just then the door opened. There stood Kyle, an amused smile playing on his face. He closed the door and locked it.

"I'm willin' to overlook this little incident as long as you do as you're told."

'Anything!"

"Dangerous word, boy. Take off the

shirt

I took it off

Faggots eat cum," he said. "Eat cum." He stood square in front of me. "Kneel and suck this shirt."

I knelt, and he held the shirt to my lips. I began to lick at the mounds of cum, trying not to gag.

That's it. Lick it. Suck it."

My revulsion lessened with each whispered command. The cum had little taste, and Kyle was getting more and more aroused.

All of a sudden he dropped my shirt, unzipped his pants, and pulled out his cock. "You're so good at suckin', try this." He put one hand on his cock—shorter than mine by an inch but easily twice as thick—and with the other hand he grabbed my hair and pushed my head back. At the same time his booted foot rammed into my knees and forced me back against the wall. "Take it," he said, pushing his cock into my mouth.

I moved my tongue around and sucked as best I could, until Kyle came in wave after wave of hot cum.

He pulled out and grabbed a towel. "You're good. Now I'll get you a fresh shirt and tie."

I got to my feet and looked in the mirror. Cum was trickling down my cheek. A second later, Kyle opened the door and tossed me a shirt, still wrapped from the laundry, and a tie.

"Meet me in the conference room. Twelve fifteen."

At exactly 12:15 Kyle walked into the conference room. He closed and locked the door. "I told my secretary I wasn't to be disturbed. She knows enough to follow my orders. You'd better too." He walked over to me, clamped his palms on my shoulders, and pulled me close. "The only reason you got this job was 'cause your predecessor was too stupid to do as he was told. Get the picture?"

"Yes," I said.

"Yes, what?" he snarled.

"Yes, sir."

He released me. "That's better. Strip."

I loosened my tie. Kyle pulled it off. I unbuttoned my shirt. Kyle pulled it off.

"Shoes."

I bent over and started to pull them off.

"Hurry."

"Yes, sir," I said, my heart pounding.

"Good body."

I stood there in my lipstick red briefs as Kyle quickly stripped. His body was hard and thick with muscle, a body to worship and to serve.

Kyle walked toward a steel door and slid it open. I gasped. On the other side stood a very tall, very well-built stud wearing a leather hood, leather chaps, and high leather boots. At the sight of him, I sank to my knees. The leather-hooded stud walked slowly towards me. He stopped a couple of feet from where Kyle and I stood.

"I want to be fucked, sir. I've never been fucked."

"A virgin," he whispered, ripping off my shorts. He pushed me into a leather wing chair. "Suck it hard."

I took hold of his rigid cock. Pre-cum was seeping out the slit. I licked. "This is all the lube you're gonna get," he whispered, pushing his cock into my mouth.

I sucked. I was worried what Kyle would do when he found out I had already lubricated myself. He pulled out and stared at me for a moment. Then he jerked my legs up, spread them, and guided his cock to my hole. "Say goodbye to your cherry." He lunged. I made no sound. "You bastard. You're greased."

I pulled him deeper into me.

"Don't. I do the movin'."

"Fuck me, Kyle."

"Don't use my name."

He thrust in, hard and quick. I rolled my hips.

"Don't move," he said, slapping me.

He fucked relentlessly. Any movement I made was rewarded with a slap. "Do as I tell you," he said over and over, grasping my back, lunging into my ass harder and faster.

When I came, he seemed not to notice. I spurted my juice on his chest, and my ass tightened again. He kept pounding me. Finally, jets of cum burst inside my asshole.

He pulled out and stood back. Only then did he noticed the cum glistening on his chest. "What's this shit?"

"I'm sorry, sir. I— I came."

"I didn't tell you to come."

"I— I know, sir."

"You know nothing."

"I want more."

"No."

"Please, sir."

He loosened his grip, bent forward, and kissed me, his tongue invading my startled mouth. Our hands roamed each other, and our cocks got hard again.

"You want it, you've got it."

He pulled back and raised himself in the chair so that his crotch was right in front of my face. Then balancing himself on the back of the chair with one hand, he pushed his cock into my mouth, his other hand on the back of my head.

I closed my eyes and sucked. I loved the feel of the veins on his cock shaft. When he shot his load, I sucked deep and swallowed every last drop.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"One."

"Meet me at the back door at half past four. We're gonna take a look at a warehouse downtown."

I nodded. "All right."

"All right, what?"

"All right, sir."

That afternoon I hardly noticed the other secretaries chattering around me. I kept thinking about Kyle inside me, his washboard stomach tightening as he fucked me, his cum down my throat.

At the appointed time I found Kyle lounging against the back of a van. He opened the door and motioned me in. In a second he was looming over me.

"Use me, master. Fuck me."

He reached over and unzipped a gym bag. "Strip," he commanded for the second time that afternoon.

I practically ripped off my pants.

"Pathetic. You really want it, bad."

"Yes, sir. Only from you, sir."

He pulled out a pair of faded 501s.

"You'll take it from whoever I say."

"Yes, sir."

He tossed the ripped jeans and a

Continued to page 88

Brock

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fire in
Tom's eyes.
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out.

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that one of a
kind man who
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The Marksman Bulletin

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Handsome Patrick Sorbier as he appears in the popular film "Coming Soon" by Cadinot

NEW YORK MANDATE magazine, that prestigious slick of mainstream gay Gotham recently paid tribute to famed skin artist Blade, who, in turn, paid tribute to famed film artist Jean-Daniel Cadinot

Asked to comment on today's all-male films, Blade said, "I love Cadinot because his work is kind of poetic and much more adventurous. It leads you down many more fantastic streets."

Blade dismissed most current trends in video productions by saying "those California things" all seem the same to him. "If I see one more poolside thing, I'll throw up," said the outspoken artist. ■

Cadinot favorite Pierre Buisson, stars in "All Of Me," "Becoming Men," "Tough & Tender

LOS ANGELES Reviewers for ADVOCATE MEN have been constant in their praise for the French films of Jean-Daniel Cadinot

"[They] are superior to their American counterparts when it comes to packing nearly nonstop, truly erotic sex between men into the shortest possible viewing time," writes Fred Bisonnes

Reviewer John Rowberry writes, "Cadinot strikes most American viewers as a breath of fresh air...his imports are artistic and commercial successes." ■

SAN FRANCISCO DRUMMER magazine says Cadinot goes for the erotic without sacrificing the explicit "His tales are joyous and complicated at the same time What could have been a novelty (watching beautiful French boys f*ck) is a treasure of cinematic tradition and unwavering vision." ■

NEW YORK Anthony Forbes-Jackson thinks American directors could learn what making a porn film is all about by watching a Cadinot production

Reviewing *Tough & Tender* in TORSO magazine, Forbes-Jackson said, "The camera work is superb...I urge you to see this film I cannot praise it enough Entertaining, meaningful and, above all, raunchy Brilliant, that's what it is." ■

FRENCH FILMMAKER AWARDED TOP PRIZES

Jean-Daniel Cadinot has garnered two of the most coveted awards in the world of erotic films *Sex Bazaar* was selected as Best Foreign Film for 1984 by the Gay Producers Association. The following year the director took the prize for Best Film at the XRCO Awards

Cadinot's introduction in 1983 to U S audiences was through a collection of short films titled *Dream Boys* Since then MARKSMAN PRODUCTIONS, exclusive agents for Cadinot in the U S, has released an additional 12 titles including the most recent the spectacular *Carnival In Venice.* ■

THE FRENCH & SEX: EVERYTHING IS TRUE

PARIS No other culture on earth can lay claim to so many sexual innovations as the French Some say they invented it What others forbid, the French embrace Everything you've ever heard about French sex is probably true. ■

FRENCH/U.S. FILMS SPELL SUCCESS FOR FAST GROWING FIRM

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Bump

IN THE NIGHT

BY ROLAND GRAEME • ART BY MATT

Dale suffered from bouts of insomnia and they were no less irritating simply because they were intermittent. He usually had at least one bad period every couple of months. The episodes of sleeplessness came without warning. Feeling tired, he'd go to bed as usual but he just wouldn't fall asleep. Worrying that he'd be worn out at work the following day only made it worse.

He tried all the things that experts recommend. He used his bedroom only for sleeping at night—with one kind of exception on occasion, of course. He avoided coffee, soft drinks containing caffeine and other stimulants. He tried to relax and not think about the day's events or any personal problems he might be having. He jogged for an hour or so every evening so that he'd be pleasantly tired but not fully fatigued by the time he went to bed. He drank warm milk, which he loathed.

MATT

Dale was having another one of those nights; no matter what he did, he couldn't relax and fall asleep. Brandy didn't help and neither did reading. He decided to try something else. Stretching out on his bed, he grabbed his tube of lube and greased up his meaty cock. He played with his dick, twisted his tits, and focused on his new neighbor, a sexy guy named Brandon. He imagined fucking the stud and sucking him off.

But nothing seemed to help

The moment his head hit the pillow, he either felt sleepy and knew he'd have no problem that night—or he felt inexplicably restless and anxious and knew it was going to be one of *those* nights. Now, after all these years, Dale no longer fought his insomnia. If he couldn't fall asleep within a reasonable amount of time, he simply got up and read, or listened to music, or puttered about his apartment.

In the morning, he didn't feel all that bad, as a rule, and the following night a full night's sleep was practically guaranteed.

Dale certainly couldn't blame his new apartment for his continuing problem. It was one of the nicest places he'd ever rented. Set back from the street behind a brick wall was a huge old Victorian house, which the owner had divided into several apartments. Dale was happy to pay a slightly higher rent for the carriage house which he had all to himself. It was at the far end of the garden, completely isolated and very quiet at night, a small two-story structure with sliding glass doors that gave him a view of the garden and, beyond it, one side of the house.

Dale's bedroom was upstairs. He used the large area downstairs as a combination living room, dining room, and study. He liked to sit and look out through the glass doors, particularly in fall and winter, when the garden was barren but strangely lovely nevertheless.

When Dale first moved into the carriage house, the apartment on the ground floor of the main house directly opposite him was empty, so he didn't even have a nearby neighbor to distract him. One hot afternoon in late summer, when a moving van pulled into the driveway, Dale was momentarily resentful. He'd die if his new neighbor turned out to be some noisy, inconsiderate bastard whose comings and goings at odd hours might keep him awake at night.

Rather shamelessly, Dale watched the humpy young moving men carry furniture into the house. The most muscular of them, in tight jeans and a sweat-stained T-shirt, really got his juices flowing. His curiosity piqued, Dale finally strolled "casually" across the garden and offered to help. He was taken aback when the object of his fantasies turned out to be his new neighbor.

Brandon turned out to be polite but rather distant, and in the weeks and months that followed, Dale really didn't get to know him very well. Brandon kept regular hours and was obviously something of a health nut. One of the things Dale had helped him carry into his apartment was a pressing bench and an awesome, back-breaking assortment of weights. At night, Brandon would change into shorts, pump iron in front of his living room windows for a couple of hours, then come outside and sit half-naked on the front steps to rest for a few minutes. When he went back inside, his lights usually went out shortly afterwards.

Dale felt mildly ashamed for spying on his sexy neighbor but told himself that it was a harmless enough diversion. Whenever he had one of his bad nights, he would glance across the garden at Brandon's darkened bedroom windows and envy the other young man for the deep, restful sleep he was surely enjoying—and probably taking for granted.

On one such night in late fall, having given up the battle at two A.M., Dale was leafing idly through a couple of old magazines when he happened to look out. There was a light frost on the ground, and the garden looked especially peaceful in the moonlight. Dale was startled to catch a glimpse of something pale flashing through the bare trees. He went up to the glass and peered more intently. The pale object, which seemed to flap in the chilly breeze like a sail, moved back toward the main house, then abruptly vanished. Dale pushed the glass door open and stepped barefoot out onto his terrace, but he couldn't see or hear anything. Shivering, he went back inside.

For some reason, he felt excited. He treated himself to a snifter of brandy. It tasted so good and felt so warm in his belly that he drank another glassful. Slightly drunk, he shed his bathrobe and wandered naked through the apartment, ending up back in his bedroom, where he'd left the light on.

He stretched out on the bed, reached for a tube of lubricant, and slowly, painstaking-

MATT

Wildly turned on by now, Dale pressed his face into the warmth of Brandon's belly and licked his navel until the soft hairs all around the deep pit glistened with saliva. Brandon's cock went hard, full-hard. Dale brought his mouth slowly down until his neighbor's cock pushed its way between his lips. "Suck," Brandon moaned.

ly coated his cock with the cool, slippery gel While playing with his rapidly enlarging prick with one hand, he used the other to rub his chest and toy with his tits. He closed his eyes and savored the taste of the brandy, the sense of lassitude and heaviness that was spreading throughout his limbs, his dick swelling and twitching inside his fist—and he started to think about Brandon

He got really excited and came very quickly. And even though it had started out as one of those nights, he fell asleep almost at once. The next thing he knew, the alarm clock beside the bed was buzzing For once, the combination of brandy and masturbation—and Brandon—had defeated his insomnia

Further refreshed by a shower, Dale was dressed and out the door on his way to work when a thought struck him. He made a quick detour through the garden, just to reassure himself that there'd been no intruder on the property during the night

He was startled to discover a large piece of cloth lying crumpled on the ground near Brandon's apartment When he went closer and gingerly picked it up, he saw that it was a cotton bed sheet, unpleasantly clammy to the touch It was a good-quality designer brand in a "masculine" beige and gray pattern

Baffled, Dale folded the sheet up and deposited it on the front steps of Brandon's apartment He couldn't imagine who else it could belong to.

Dale forgot the incident until one night a month later, after the first real snowfall of the season had left the garden buried under four or five inches of glistening snow. He had worked late that night, and by the time he got home he felt exhausted He took a long, hot shower and went to bed a little early Within a few minutes, he knew he wasn't going to be able to sleep. He was wide awake, weary but absolutely incapable of relaxing enough to get any rest It was maddening!

Disgusted, he got up and went downstairs. He built a fire in the wood-burning stove in his living room and, without turning on any lights, sat down in an easy chair and warmed himself by the fire, gazing out over the snowy garden

Brandon's apartment was dark, as usual, and Dale was full of envy. Suddenly Brandon's front door opened and a tall, husky male figure stepped out onto the porch Dale sat up in his chair It was Brandon, all right, and he was completely nude.

He paused on the porch for a long moment, and Dale saw that he had a pillow stuffed under one arm; he was holding a bed sheet in his other hand, allowing it to drag behind him. Slowly and deliberately, he walked down the steps and across the garden—naked and barefoot in the ankle-deep snow!

At first Dale wondered if he was asleep after all But he knew he wasn't. He jumped up and ran to the glass doors and slid one open to get a better look Brandon was walking toward him, his muscular body eerily relaxed, his limp cock swinging to and fro between his sturdy thighs. His eyes were open, his face expressionless. The guy was walking in his sleep!

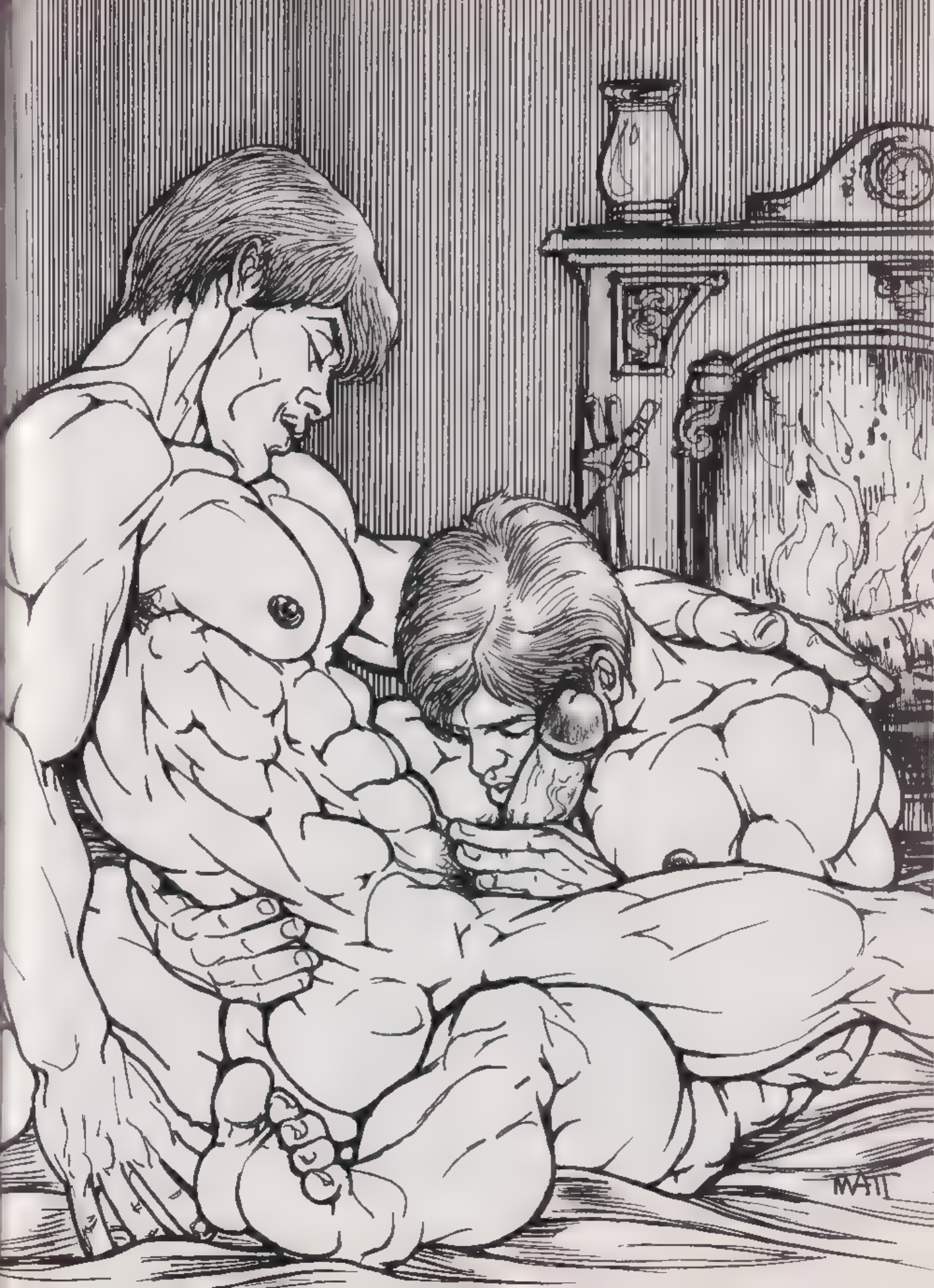
He was still clutching the pillow in the crook of his arm, like a sleepy child toddling off to bed, and he was drawing the sheet behind him, dragging it through the fresh snowdrifts. When he was halfway across the garden he stopped His lips moved, and he pulled the wet sheet around his hips, as though he had suddenly become aware of the cold for the first time Walking more rapidly, he came right up onto Dale's terrace and through the open glass door.

Had Dale not stepped aside at the last moment, Brandon would have walked right into him, and in all probability the big man would have knocked Dale down Instead, Brandon let out a long, low, voluptuous sigh of relief as he dropped his pillow and sheet to the floor, then went to the stove and warmed himself in front of it, holding his hands stretched out toward the grate. The red glow lit up his body, and for the first time Dale could see just how well-built—and well-hung—his somnambulistic neighbor really was.

"Bed," Brandon said quite clearly "Bed," he repeated, turning and walking toward the stairs.

He couldn't possibly have known the layout of Dale's apartment, but some instinct led him directly up the stairs and into Dale's bedroom. Dale followed him, fascinated, and got upstairs just in time to see Brandon lie down on his bed and pull the covers over his legs. His eyelids closed and he began to breathe slowly and deeply—the perfect image of complete oblivion

It was a provocative situation, to say the least. Dale had always heard that you weren't supposed to wake a sleepwalker He hesitated, then did the most logical thing under the circumstances. he slipped


MATT

BUMP IN THE NIGHT

into bed, cuddled up next to Brandon's warm, naked body, put an arm around him, and hugged him close under the quilt and blanket

Dale had a hard-on. He cautiously explored with his hand, and discovered that Brandon did, too. Suddenly, Dale was struck by the awareness that Brandon was completely out of it. Dale could do anything—anything at all—to the big guy, and Brandon would just lie there

Unable to resist the temptation, Dale wriggled even closer to his bedmate and slowly brought his mouth down to meet Brandon's. A faint murmur rippled up from Brandon's throat, but he offered no resistance. Thrilled by the kiss, even though Brandon's mouth didn't really respond, Dale decided to go even further. Lowering his head, he put his mouth on one of Brandon's dark-brown nipples and sucked tightly. Brandon stirred, but his eyes remained tightly closed, his breathing deep and steady. Only his cock pulsed within Dale's grasp, betraying his body's natural response to the suction on his tits.

Wildly turned on now, Dale pressed his face into the warmth of Brandon's belly and licked his navel until the soft hairs all around the deep pit glistened with saliva. Brandon's cock began to harden into full erection. Dale's lips and throat felt dry and his heart pounded fiercely; his palms oozed a guilty sweat as he held Brandon's stiffened prickshaft upright, toward his open mouth. Dale brought his mouth slowly down until his neighbor's cock pushed its way between his lips. Closing his eyes, Dale forced the stiff shaft all the way down his throat.

"Suck," Brandon moaned, articulating the monosyllable in the same clear, emotionless tone of voice he'd used before. "Suck cock. Suck cock."

Dale took him at his word and eased himself into the quick rhythm of a hot blowjob. He knew exactly what to do to coax a quick and violent ejaculation from his unconscious partner. He did his magic, and abruptly Brandon started firing against the back of his throat. Groaning with delight, Dale stopped sucking and let the warm male seed pour into his mouth and slide down his throat. When he was sure he had taken it all, he pulled his mouth away from Brandon's cock and swallowed the fresh jizm.

Pressing himself against Brandon's back and buttocks and embracing him with one arm, Dale masturbated himself quickly and roughly with his free hand. After a very few minutes, Dale sprayed all over Brandon's buttocks and the bed. Then relaxed, his mind a blank, he slept.

Brandon was a fantastically deep sleeper. Dale's alarm clock didn't rouse him, so Dale got up, showered, and made coffee. Finally, feeling slightly embarrassed, he shook Brandon awake and silently offered him a cup.

Now it was Brandon's turn to be embarrassed. He blushed—becomingly, all over—as he sat up in the strange bed, rubbed his eyes, and stared sheepishly at his host.

"Oh, Jesus," he mumbled. "I—I must've been walking in my sleep, Dale. I do that a lot. That's why I moved here in the first place. My last apartment was in a big high-rise building, and I wandered around the hallways and the elevator a couple of times in the middle of the night buck naked and fast asleep. Hell, I even walked out the front door and down the street once—and got arrested!" He laughed, then took a sip of the coffee. "I thought living here, with the garden and the wall and all, it might be less of a problem. Now I see that it isn't."

"It's no problem," Dale insisted. "I've got the exact opposite problem, as a matter of fact. Sometimes I can't get to sleep at night. When you wandered through the door last night, it was sort of a diversion, actually. I'm just glad you didn't stay outside and end up with frostbite."

"Oh, I always seem to end up in a bed—my own or somebody else's." Brandon's eyes met Dale's, and he blushed again.

Dale slapped him on the bare shoulder. "If you want to take a shower, go ahead. Then I'll lend you some of my clothes."

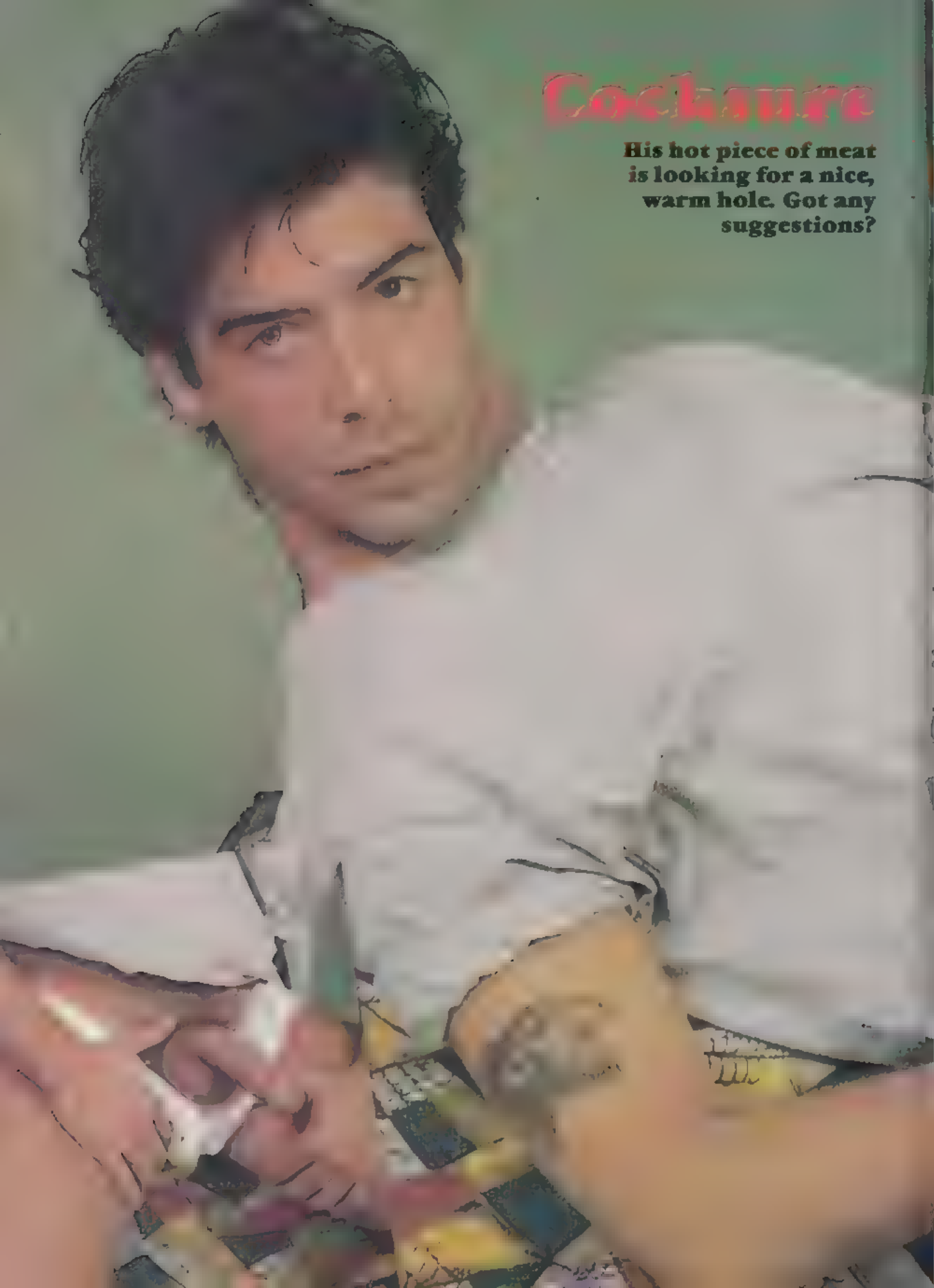
If Brandon noticed the dried, flaky patches of cum on his body while he showered, he didn't ment on it.

"Thanks, Dale," he said as Dale handed him the clothes. "I'll get these back to you. Hey, listen. The next time you have insomnia, just come over and knock on my door. I won't mind. We can—talk or something. I don't know too many people here in town yet, and I get kind of lonely sometimes. Maybe that's why I walk in my sleep."

"I may take you up on that," Dale said, his casual tone belying the fierce twitching of his prick. "And any time you happen to be walking in your sleep, feel free to wander over here. My terrace door is always open."

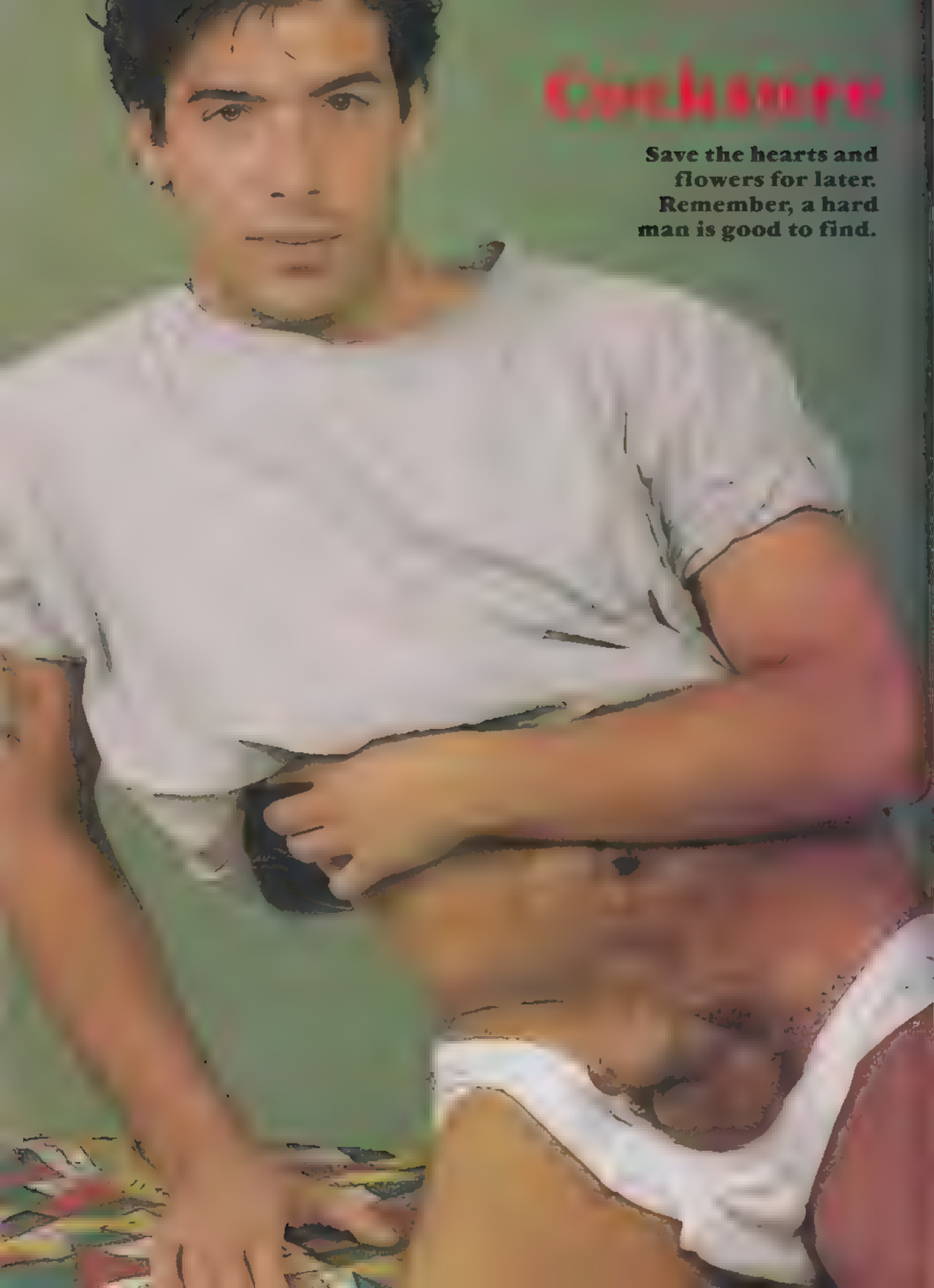
As he shook Brandon's hand, Dale decided that he wasn't likely to be spending too many sleepless nights anymore—not with this humpy number living next door. As far as he was concerned, Brandon could wander into his bed any time. ■

Cocksure
He knows he's hot and he knows you want him, so why waste time?
Section photographed by Robert Laliberte



Cocksure

His hot piece of meat is looking for a nice, warm hole. Got any suggestions?


Cuckoo
Save the hearts and flowers for later. Remember, a hard man is good to find.

THE JERSEY DEVIL

BY THOM NICHOLS • ART BY K. NEFFENDORF

The Pine Barrens always conjured up bad feelings in me. I didn't know why this was but even as a kid when we would ride through them on our way to the shore, I would stare at the trees—all pine trees—with a mix of fascination and horror.

But Steve wanted me to go camping with him, in the Pine Barrens. I told him that I would think about it. Actually, the prospect excited me in a perverse way. I didn't really believe in the Jersey Devil, who is said to inhabit the Barrens, but I've always had an interest in metaphysics and religion, and in the demons and devils that people imagine and sometimes even see, in hallucinations.

"Sure, I'll go with you," I told him a couple of days later. "What do I need to bring?"

Steve said only myself. He had all the camping equipment.

On the day of our departure, he picked me up at my apartment in his jeep. He was in high spirits, the radio was blaring, and there were two cases of beer on the floor behind us. He was wearing tight blue jeans and black hunting boots, and he drove his little jeep like he drove the Route 56 bus—in full command of his machine.

Steve was a bus driver on a route that I had lately begun to take home from work. He appeared one night in place of the regular driver, and what struck me about him—besides his deeply masculine good looks—was his friendliness. He said hello to everyone who boarded, and he seemed to know some of them quite well. "How's your mother?" he'd ask, or "Did you get that promotion?" There was something magnetic about him, something truly fascinating, something that made you feel like you wanted to get to know him.

I don't remember who said hello first, but we started speaking. Soon, I started sitting in the seat nearest his every day. I loved looking at his legs, which he would spread in a wide "V" astride the steering wheel.

It wasn't long before we began to talk about everything under the sun—music, work, movies, other passengers. He also spoke often of his ten-year-old son and his wife, as well as his girlfriend. For a while I wasn't sure where he was coming from, but I did give him my phone number one afternoon, and he called me a few days later and arranged to come over. He sat on my sofa with his legs spread in his "bus driver's V," and I could see the hard-on beneath his trousers stretching out in a boomerang curve.

We had sex every which way. As it turned out, Steve did everything except kiss. He had a lithe body, every muscle taut and sharply defined, smooth, ivory skin, and penetrating eyes that, even behind his glasses, were compelling. I felt locked in his gaze whenever he looked at me, and quite helpless.

Steve had a love-hate relationship with marriage. He liked the structure, the restraint it placed on his otherwise undisciplined sensuality. But his marriage tended to too much structure, and he often felt as if he were suffocating. That's why he had a girlfriend. If his wife ever found out, he said, "she'd literally scorch me, ruin my life." Steve truly loved his son, and it was Timmy, more than anything, who kept husband and wife together.

Seeing Steve on the bus after his first visit to my apartment was rough. I didn't know whether he wanted a repeat performance, or how to let him know that I did. He was basically straight, and I knew from experience that too much prompting can turn straight men off—sometimes permanently. You have to let them come around on their own. Steve was popular, and after my first week in the seat closest to him on the bus, that seat was usually occupied by a woman who loved talking to him. I would have to wait until she got off before I moved up to the hot spot, and by that time we would be so close to my stop that I didn't have much of a chance to say

Steve was the bus driver on my route. He was hot, sexy, and manly as hell. I sat behind him every day and we soon arranged to meet after hours. He came to my place and sat on my sofa with his legs spread in his "bus driver's V." I could see the hard-on beneath his trousers stretching out in a boomerang curve. We had sex every which way!

anything to him

Nevertheless, one afternoon he paid a surprise visit to my apartment. I was in the living room in my gym shorts exercising to an old Donna Summer record. I was doing the buttock-tightening routine, pushing up from the floor and squeezing my ass cheeks in and out. My body tingles when I do this, and I always find myself muttering "Fuck me" over and over as I push my loins towards the ceiling in a tiring but exhilarating frenzy. Steve couldn't have come at a better time. But he looked drawn and worried, and my hopes—if not my hard-on—began to collapse.

The opening routine was basically the same. He sat on the sofa with his big feet stretched apart and the hair on his legs showing ever so discreetly in the space his drawn-up trouser cuffs had created. I sat on the floor in front of him, the consummate cock worshiper, ready to massage and hold him at the slightest hint of interest. He started speaking of his wife, as if that were an excuse for seeing me: she drove him to it, that sort of thing.

In bed, he wanted nothing active. He simply sprawled out on his stomach and asked me to mount him. He lay there and stole looks at me from the corners of his eyes as I took care of business. He was like a puppy, vulnerable and supple, so unlike the leather-gloved bus driver.

"You've heard about the Jersey Devil?" he said, speeding his jeep around a curve. We had just come off the Walt Whitman bridge and were heading for the New Jersey Turnpike.

I told him that I had, but that I didn't really know much about it.

As it turned out, he *did*. He explained that the devil had been seen on many occasions, and that he always appeared three times to his intended victims before moving in and—Steve's choice of words here was somewhat distressing—"annihilating them." He said that the devil has "antecedents," beings who do his field work for him. That is, they move around and spot potential victims and then bring back word of their whereabouts. Antecedent devils are smaller, and some were once victims themselves. Most victims of the Jersey Devil, he said, wind up losing their minds. Some find their way into mental institutions or onto the streets. Others disappear forever, presumably in the Grand Cave, which is located in the densest and center-most point of the Pine Barrens. No one has seen the cave and survived, Steve said.

I thanked him for explaining the myth to me in such detail. Actually, listening to his deep, authoritative voice had made me horny, and since we were on a back road, I slouched down next to him and leaned my head in a provocative way. Right away he began to get an erection, and his massive coil seeped drainage that showed through his blue jeans. I put my hand on it, unzipped his zipper, and took it out. It was like a Corinthian column, sturdy and thick, with a smell like milk and honey with a tad of vinegar.

A few strokes was all it took. Steve was always on the verge of orgasm. But he could hold back with masterful control, so long sometimes that I'd be on the verge of frenzy, begging him to come. Even then, if he so desired, he would wait.

Our campsite was in a clearing not far from one of the roads that lead to Wildwood, a shore resort some sixty miles east. It was obvious that Steve had been here before and that he was a very experienced outdoorsman. He set up camp with demon speed, hammering poles into the earth and digging trenches and building a huge fire in less than half an hour. I tried to help him, but he seemed not to need or want my assistance, so I just stood on the sidelines and marveled at the play of his sinewy muscles.

When he was finished setting up, I sat by the fire and watched as he put slabs of bacon in a cast iron frying pan. He gave me a beer and I sipped it while he drank two in quick succession. Across the fire from me, he tended to the bacon, turning it over and over with a fork, glancing up occasionally to reward my companionship with a friendly smile. It occurred to me how little I knew of him and how I had taken something of a risk by coming to such a strange place with such a strange man, alone. The intensity of his eyes, glinting in the campfire, struck me as emblematic of his high-powered sexuality, but also of something else—what exactly, I didn't know.

The sizzling of the bacon, the smell of the moist earth and pine trees, and the sounds of various birds lulled me into a sort of trance. I dreamed that Steve would cross the threshold from straight to gay and kiss me on the lips, that he would tell me that he was subject to the unexplainable magnetism of my being, just as I was to his. I saw his wife fading in the distance, like a lone figure on a desert horizon, and I saw us with Timmy in a small duplex. When a mocking internal voice told me that my fantasies were hopeless, I answered back: Am I here with him or am I not?

"I suppose you're curious about why I asked you to come along," he said, shoving a thick slice of bacon down his throat like a sword swallower and eyeing me as if I *should* have been curious.

"You asked me because you wanted my company. Because, I hope, we like each other. Isn't that the reason?" Then I laughed.

"That's the reason, yeah," he said, his voice tinged ever so slightly with sarcasm. "Didn't you think there'd be something else, though?"

"What do you mean?" I didn't like this. I was getting a strange feeling.

Just then, from behind the trees I heard a rustling, and the sounds of breaking branches and shuffling feet. My mind instantly raced to Steve's story of the antecedents, but what I saw instead was a young boy in a coonskin cap. He walked toward Steve with an obvious familiarity and a subtle coyness that I felt was for my benefit. It was Timmy. I knew that immediately. But what was Timmy doing here? There had been no one else in the jeep besides Steve and me. I was certain of it. No. I wasn't certain of anything.

"Timmy is my surprise for you. He's very good at hiding in crates and keeping quiet. Aren't you, son?"

They laughed, and it was an ill-natured laugh, as if they were in cahoots about something. What? Cheating on his wife? Why would he expose Timmy? And how could he keep "us" a secret after this?

"Timmy is going to chaperone us," Steve said with a wink that I found embarrassing. "He's a great fisherman, and he'll catch us some big ones. He'll also see that everybody here follows the rules."

What rules? That and a thousand other questions rolled around inside my head, but I didn't feel I could ask any of them because of the boy.

Timmy was hungry, so Steve sat him down and fixed him a plate of bacon and beans. The boy ate hurriedly. I sat on a log by the flickering firelight and listened to the two of them talk about "mother," school, and the possibility that Timmy might soon have a brother. Their conversation seemed private, and I felt excluded. But the thing that really got to me was when Timmy said that he had seen "one of them" about a mile from the road. One of whom? Or what?

When Timmy had gone to sleep, Steve came up behind me and whispered, "Don't worry, I still want you to blow me. Only it's got to be when he's off in the woods, or like now, when he's asleep." His tone was warm and loving, but when I turned around I saw in his face that he was only horny. And then I looked down. His cock was standing straight up in his trousers like a gun on a battleship. He began to sweet-talk me. He just couldn't leave his son home, he said. He and his son had a unique relationship, and he knew that everyone else, including his wife, including me, felt left out. His wife could go "torch" herself—a word that he seemed to use quite often in connection with his spouse—but he didn't want me to feel ignored.

I believed him. I took his man-root in my mouth willingly, eagerly. He held back for

nearly an hour, gagging me, choking me, and leaving my mouth so tired and sore that it hurt to swallow. When he finally shot, I fell back exhausted, and was asleep in a few seconds.

Some time later, in the middle of the night, I woke up. The campfire was nothing but a few glowing embers, but the full moon was high and bright. I looked around and saw that Timmy and his father were not in their sleeping bags. I got up and searched the immediate area, they were nowhere around.

I was angry. I was also afraid. I got the fire roaring and sat close to it with a stick in my hand and my mind on the deity. I fell asleep praying for protection. When I awoke, a mist from the ocean had filled the forest. Here and there a pale sliver of sunlight cut through, letting me know it was morning, but I had no idea how early or how late it was. I leaned forward in my sleeping bag and looked over at the fire. They had been there. They had eaten their breakfast and left camp again. I was angry with myself for sleeping past breakfast and angry at Steve for not waking me.

No doubt about it, I was *not* having a good time. I decided to leave. I would gather up my things and start walking very fast down the country road toward the turnpike. It would take me a while, but it was not impossible.

Then I saw it. Only fleetingly, yes, but I did see it. It jumped from behind one tree to another, then again, then again, then I saw it no more. It was a slithery green form with a large head and what looked like a tail. It was maybe five feet tall and rail thin, like a stick figure.

I picked up my duffel bag and told myself not to panic. I left in the direction I thought would lead to the road. I figured if I met what I took to have been an antecedent, I would make the sign of the cross and run the other way. That ritual had to count for something, I decided, or it would not have been used in so many horror films. I did not pause to wonder how, as a basically rational human being, I could be taking up an anti-demon gesture recommended by the makers of schlock movies. I knew nowhere else to seek inspiration.

Blackbirds flew low over me, and robins perched on miniature pines and sang sweetly as I trudged on. I felt like Snow White lost in a Disneyland forest. I *was* lost. Apparently, I had taken a wrong turn, although I did not remember turning at all. What had happened to the road?

A few minutes later I came to the edge of a fairly wide clearing. On the far side, six or seven guys were seated in a circle, some in flannel shirts, a couple of them sort of preppy-looking. They seemed to be having a serious discussion, and they didn't notice me at first. Then one of them saw me and eyed me intently for a second, and I got a clear mental picture of the two of us fucking in the woods, him on top of me in a frantic sweat. It was as if he had projected the image into my mind.

What were they, I wondered, a gay men's camping group? I went over to them feeling very relieved, and they in turn welcomed me. I sat down and was offered a bag of corn chips and a canteen of Diet Coke. I ate and drank quickly, explaining what had happened to me between bites and gulps. The one I had had mental sex with interrupted me when I started to give the background of my story.

"You met him on the bus, right? You liked the shape of his legs, especially the wide V he made with them as he steered the bus with such nonchalant macho. You made a point of taking his bus every day and sitting right behind him. He called you to him and you squirmed between his legs. He came once, twice, maybe a hundred times, and then he brought you here."

The speaker, obviously the leader of the circle, was handsome though a little ragged around the edges, as if maybe he had seen too many bars and back rooms. His moustache needed trimming, and his shaggy, dark hair practically covered his eyes. When he flung it back, I saw a scar down the side of one cheek—a seasoned beauty with an eerie awareness of my recent past.

"How did you know what happened to me?"

"Let's just say that everyone here went before you. Did his son do anything to you in your sleep? Have you checked yourself?"

I had no idea what he was talking about, but I had been bothered all morning by a peculiar itch at the base of my spine that I took to be an insect bite. Unconsciously I reached back and scratched.

"Take your shirt off," said the leader, who had introduced himself as Joe. I pulled it over my head, and Joe ran his warm hands around my waist and down my back. My nipples went instantly erect, and my skin tingled, but when several fingers pointed to a spot at the base of my spine, my arousal was killed by rising dread. I craned my neck, uselessly trying to see as Joe felt the spot with his fingers. It was sore and raw.

"He dug a little hole," said Joe.

A little hole? Jesus, what was happening to me! What had happened the night before? I cursed the day I first spoke to Steve on the bus.

"Why would he do that?" I asked.

"It has something to do with the way his father gains control over you—through the spine. They say he needs gay men to survive. Women deplete his power, and he makes it with lots of women. So he needs the masculine energy of men to regain his mental and physical energy. You've heard of the Jersey Devil, of course. Well, now you've fucked him."

"And he's fucked me."

"Yeah. In more ways than one. Hope you like the woods."

"Huh?"

"We've been here since last summer. Or I have. Some of these guys have been here longer."

"You've been *lost* for over a year?"

"You met him on the bus, right? You liked the shape of his legs, especially the V he made with them as he steered the bus with such nonchalant macho. He called you to him and you squirmed between his legs. He came once, twice, maybe a hundred times, and then he brought you out here to the woods." How could this guy know all these things about Steve? "Let's just say that everyone here went before you did."

"We're not lost. Not in the usual sense. He keeps us here. He needs us, so he leaves food and drink and brings us blankets in the winter. He built us a shack further back in the pines. Every night he comes to us and takes his pick. It's Mark's turn tonight. Mark is especially nervous because the all-night friction of sucking is beginning to loosen his teeth.

"You mean, we really can't just walk out of here, just walk down to the turnpike and hitchhike?" Why I wanted to pursue this question I don't know. I had tried to get away and I had failed.

"You never *get* to the turnpike," Joe continued. "You wind up walking in circles. We've tried it hundreds of times. The fact is, you leave when he wants you to leave. We've tried everything: starting forest fires, shouting for help when we knew tourists were in the area. All to no avail. The antecedents demand to be sucked off, too, by the way. And they are grotesque beyond belief."

"Beyond belief is how I would describe this whole situation. What happens if you refuse to cooperate?"

Joe pointed to his facial scar. All of the men, in fact, had scars of some sort. And all of them seemed withdrawn and beaten down, as if all hope had been drained out of them. I guess my thoughts were pretty obvious as I looked them over.

"I know what you're thinking," Joe said. "And you're right. We're sucking the devil off, don't forget. We're sucking in doom and hopelessness. We don't even try to escape anymore. And we're hooked on him. We *need* his big cock like junkies need a needle. He empties his semen into us and goes away cleansed. He takes our semen and goes away re-charged."

"If only there were some way to reverse that."

"There isn't. And that's that."

The other guys had said nothing during my conversation with Joe, and during the rest of the day. I came to regard them as a pretty pathetic lot. I don't mean physically, because they were all splendid specimens. But they were like zombies, without personality, humor, or the trace of an original thought. They had been in the Pine Barrens longer than Joe, and the thought that gradually I, too, would drift into a similar state, filled me with dread.

That night I slept on the floor of the shack with my fellow inmates of the forest. Joe slept next to me, and when he cuddled against me, I could feel his stiff prick rubbing my bottom and smell his wonderful scent, a unique mix of musk, soap, and tree bark.

I was in the midst of a sexy dream when a tremendous slam woke me up and I saw that the door had been knocked open by an antecedent who immediately lunged on Eric. The poor guy screamed as the hideous creature—its erection pointed like the top of the Chrysler building with "shingles" of foreskin enshrouding the tip—set itself over Eric's mouth and started pistoning violently. The antecedent's wide eyes glowed with a hellish yellow light, and its thin, green body, constructed like a praying mantis, jerked and thrust with terrifying force. Its long, scaly tail swished behind it as it neared orgasm, and Eric, his arms and legs held down by the beast's claws, gagged and sputtered and whimpered as his mouth was filled to overflowing with a thick, greenish slime.

With kicks and punches, all of us had fought the antecedent throughout the five minutes or so it took him to get his rocks off, but the physical contact seemed to excite him all the more. His steady humming built to an ear-splitting, bone-chilling shriek as he emptied himself into Eric.

Poor guy. His lips were swollen, and he was bruised all over. Joe took him down to the creek and washed him and tended to his wounds as best he could. For two days, Eric could not speak.

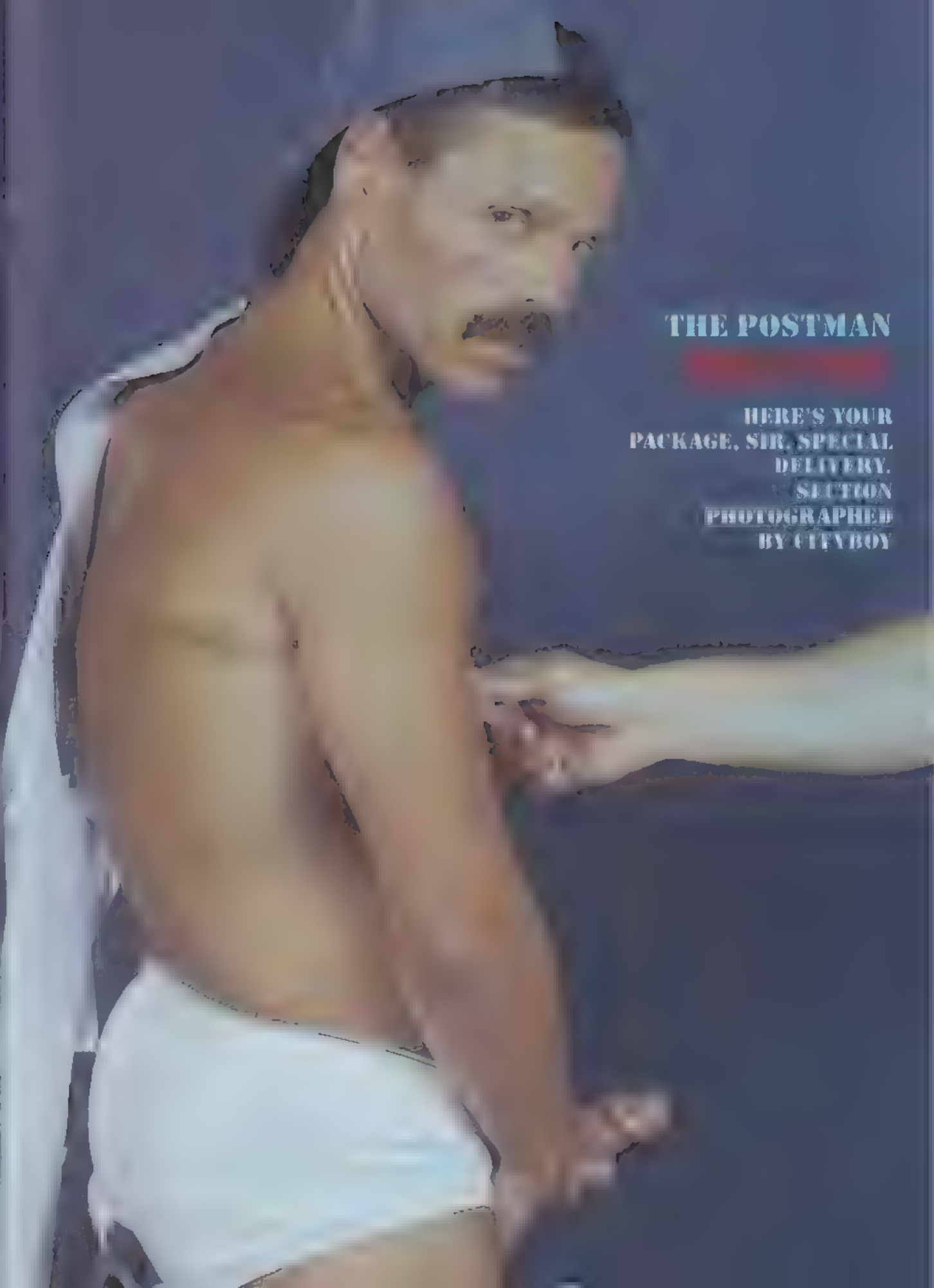
One morning Steve made an appearance. He looked ravishing in a buckskin vest, suede boots, and a pair of light-brown Levi's, but I couldn't face him because my sense of betrayal was so intense. I hid in the shack and watched from the window as the others crowded around him. They were obsessed with his body and with his cock, tucked away behind a leather codpiece. I felt only pity and contempt for them, yet I also felt a stirring of desire within myself, a lingering memory of his marvelous body.

He called for me. I ducked down below the window and hoped that the others would make him forget about me. But he knew where I was, and he came over to the window and called to me directly.

I faced him. There was a light in his eyes I had never noticed before. I felt a tremendous magnetic force emanating from him. I saw a thousand antecedents gyrating under strobe lights. They danced through the centuries, they changed shape and became human, then changed back again. I saw Joe as an antecedent, plundering his way into the future. I saw myself, mouth open, forked penis extended and dripping green slime. I saw myself as gigantic, molesting cities, my penis swinging between skyscrapers and flooding the streets with rivers of frothing juices.

The visions vanished, and there was nothing in me but the urge to kneel before

Continued to page 75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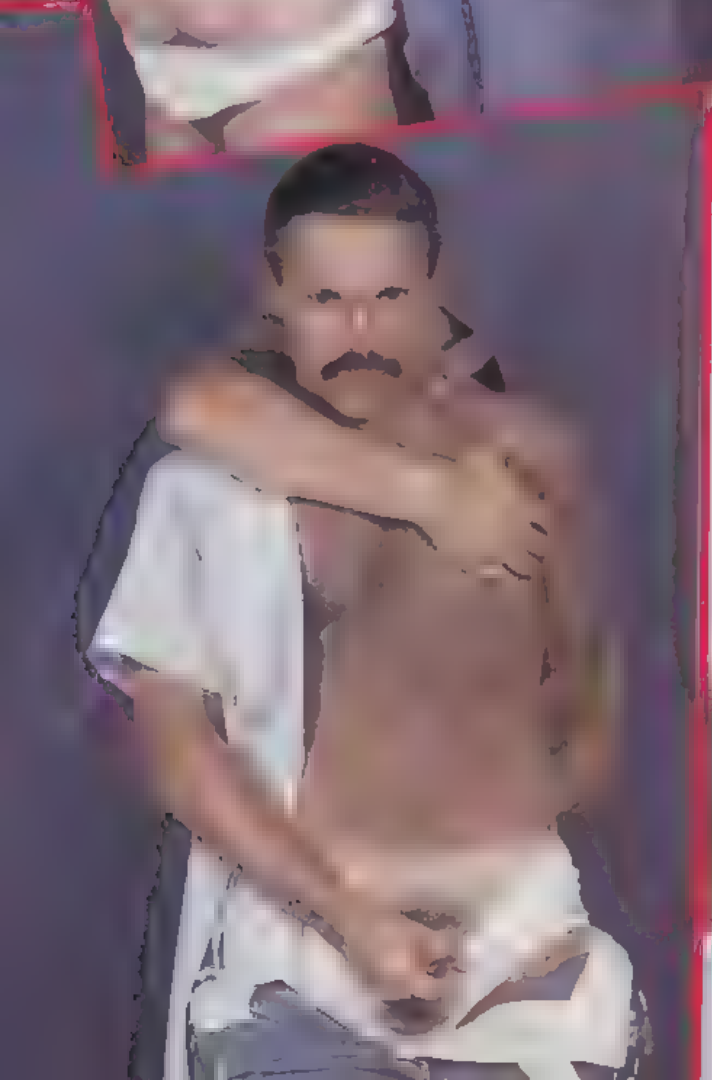

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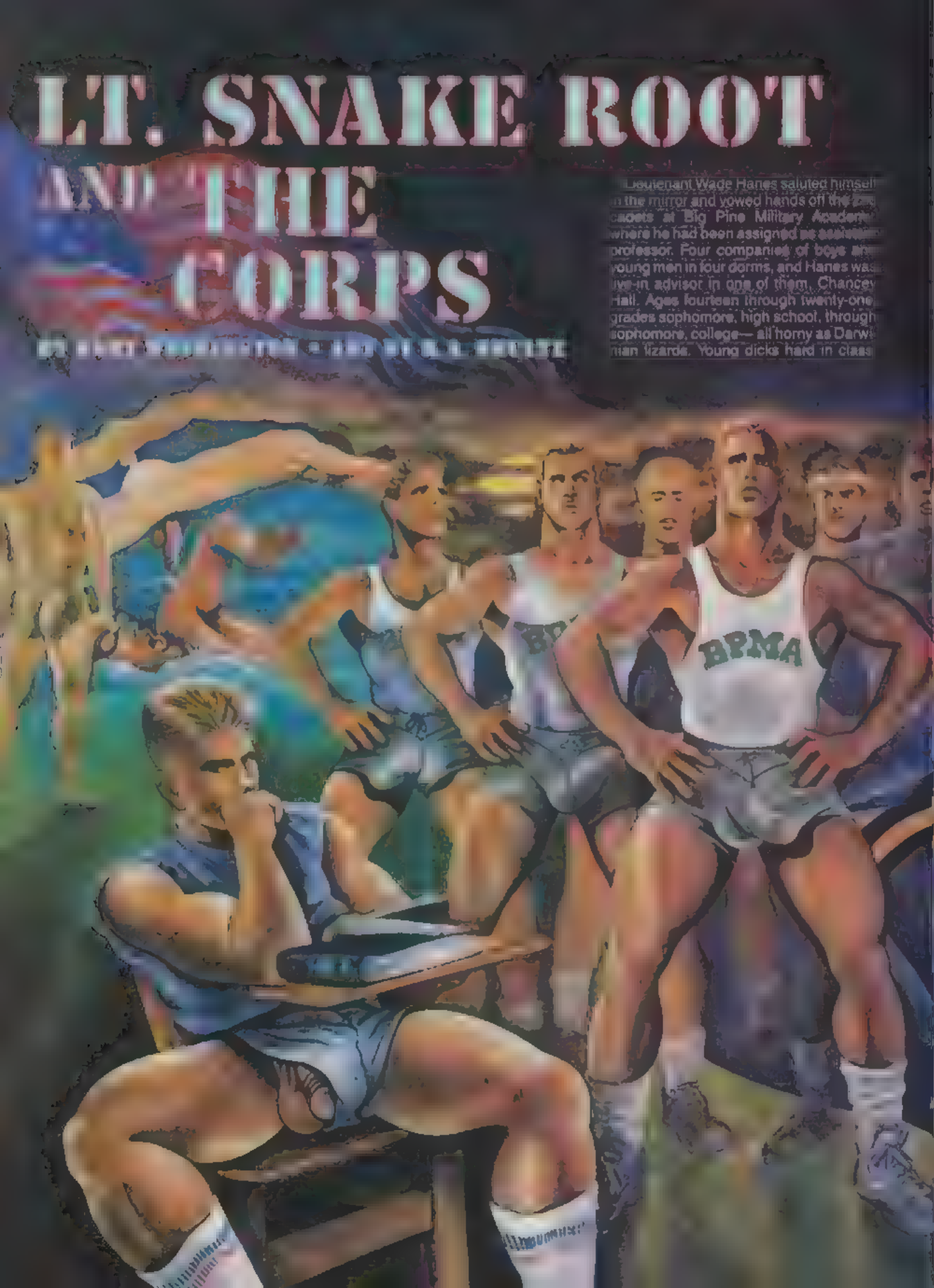
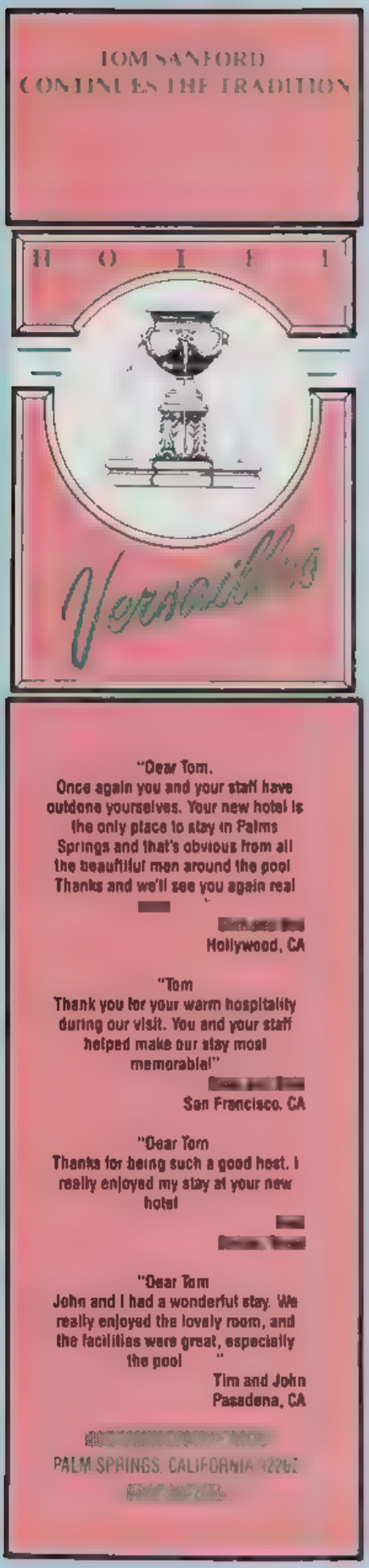
LT. SNAKE ROOT AND THE CORPS

Lieutenant Wade Hanes saluted himself in the mirror and vowed hands off the cadets at Big Pine Military Academy where he had been assigned as assistant professor. Four companies of boys and young men in four dorms, and Hanes was live-in advisor in one of them, Chancey Hall. Ages fourteen through twenty-one, grades sophomore, high school, through sophomore, college— all horny as Darwinian lizards. Young dicks hard in class





half-hard in parade, hard at reveille, hard-hard at taps.

The first week into his job, Lt. Hanes asked, "How much longer, O, Lord?" when Cadet Wilkins, the best-looking eighteen-year-old on earth, knifed a hand down his uniform to rearrange a swelling cock, announcing his intent with a casual, "Don't want to shock y'all." Again, "How much longer, O, Lord?" when Cadet Dawson, a flat-topped and smiley twenty-year-old, spread his bare, tanned legs so wide during a homework session in Hanes' apartment that his left ball crawled out of his athletic shorts.

"No fraternization," red-nosed Dean Grumley had warned him. "Freida said just yesterday that you are too handsome for this job. Some of these lads will . . . you know. So practice patience."

"My middle name, Dean Grumley."

That night Lt. Hanes looked into his mirror, gave Dean Grumley the finger, and jacked off For patience. And Wilkins. Dawson

Also in the name of patience, he called Betty, a nympho he and his friends had fucked in grad school a hundred miles away She whined about her steady—an exterminator—but she arrived before nightfall, moist at every hole. He fucked her standing up, spread-eagle over the bed, dog-fashion on the splintery floor. He butt-fucked her across his easy chair.

The whole dorm shook, and the next day Dean Grumley, whose house was off the back lawn, wondered why his wife's cocker had barked all night. The cadets saluted the lieutenant as a stud, their lips crinkled toward grins. Some eyes winked. Other eyes fell to the source of his power.

Hanes tried to be "military," like the regular Army officers, but his cock would not obey. It rose. And rose. In American history, Cadet Wilkins held his hand up and asked if there had been an earthquake the night before in Chancey. Cadet Matt Butkas (Butt for short, for the taut cheeks he loved to show off in bends) said, "I heard some woman scream she couldn't take it I didn't sleep one wink last night."

"Now in the Battle of Bunker Hill . . ." said Professor Hanes.

Betty couldn't come down every time he needed draining, so he reverted to his saluting hand Monday, for Cadet Wilkins lifting weights. Tuesday, for Cadet Dawson at volleyball. Wednesday for Butkas' butt.

One night he was jacking off in the dark (for 247 others) when he noticed a tiny circle of light directly across from his bed. Then the light went away. Back again later Those fuckers had bored a peephole, probably to watch him fuck Betty.

Next day, when the cadets were in the mess hall, he found the hole and three others neatly covered with white tape. He could have told his dorm commander, a pimply-faced college sophomore, or even Commandant Quarles (second, after the Dean), but he decided to give the cadets a show—dick and balls a-dangle. He let his morning hard-ons nod at the holes, let his daily showers drip for them

Friday, Cadet Wilkins came running from the administration building, known as Main "Phone call, Sir," he said, and broke out in three colors of blush

"Wait for me," Hanes said as he changed out of skivvies. On the way he slowed the cadet's walk so he could watch the young butt wink. (Wilkins worked out daily and every part of him was blue-ribbon.) They passed by the dirt detail where cadets walked off demerits while their fellows played in town. Cadet Butkas—one of Hanes' smartest students—was first in line, which meant he had the most hours to be drilled off

"Butkas?" he asked Wilkins.

"A goof-off, sir," Wilkins said, his tight ass pulling in

The phone call was from Betty, who couldn't come down. In fact, the exterminator's dick was up her cunt at that very minute—and had been for over an hour. She wasn't about to give up a hard And free roach control

Cadet Wilkins and the other guy on duty listened to his every word, though their heads were bowed over ROTC manuals.

"What the hell am I supposed to do?" Hanes asked, his hand cupping his crotch. "Find a knothole?"

The boys' heads did not bob.

"The next time you do come down?" Hanes threatened and hung up.

He went to the one john in Main. A few minutes later, Cadet Wilkins followed Four urinals, and Hanes (an expert on tearooms) had taken the second, so Wilkins had to stand within one. And did Hanes leaned backwards to show the hose women loved and men envied, and loved

Wilkins hid his dick in the urinal but he saw the other one when Hanes shook it extra hard—for luck.

"Going to be a long weekend," Hanes said

"I wish I didn't have duty," Wilkins said. "I'd go to town." He buttoned up without showing cock.

Hanes walked back across the quad alone, got "Hey, teach" from Butkas, who got another demerit from the drill sergeant

Betty surprised Hanes with a Monday visit, and tickets must have been sold The wall seemed to move when Hanes undressed her and jiggled her Mansfield tits. He flicked on all the lights, for Betty liked to see the meat (She once counted 631 crabs circling the dick of a sailor.)

The dorm shook when he pulled his ten-inch pole out for one jack and then one last

One night when Lt. Hanes was jacking off in the dark, he noticed a tiny circle of light across the room from his bed. Then the light went away. Back again later. Those fuckers had bored a peephole to watch him. Hanes decided to give the cadets a show—dick and balls a-dangle. He let his morning hard-ons nod at the hole.

plunge into her butt.

She said, "You're in the mold of Bug Bear" (the exterminator with the marble dick).

At next morning's reveille, she waved bye to the cadets, who broke formation to grab their cocks and bellow. Cadet Butkas fell and bounced his butt against the ground (two demerits from the regular Army sergeant supervising).

After that session, Hanes was the one to call Betty—about his second dose of clap. "And both from you," he said. "You must fuck everything."

She grunted, "Hu-hu-wha-what? Bug Bear is . . . "

A dick in her while she talked.

"Tell him to spray your cunt," Hanes barked.

A new duty took his mind off her. The coach (baseball and basketball; the school was too poor for football) had also been the supervisor of the swimming pool, but with more frequent basketball scrimmages, he needed someone to keep the cadets from bashing each other's brains out in the water. "Swim with them," he said to Lt. Hanes.

"No fraternization," Hanes reminded.

"Piss on that drunk," the coach said. He winked from a hairless head and face, and it meant something special. Yet he was the straightest man around. He just knew that young men would play. "Hell, you're not much older than the oldest of them." (Hanes was twenty-five, but eons older in experience.)

Most of the other teachers had at least a fantasy love for the students—especially the married teachers, plump grannies all, prissy and protective of their students. They tittered and fanned their hands in the air. The coach openly hugged his "men," caught their apple-butts in one-handed pinches, told them not to beat off too much ("Save a little for that blonde you're after." And then the wide wink.)

At the pool Hanes didn't swim, at first. He had to guard against grown boys who might hold the young ones under or threaten to brain them against the tiles. Between his whistles, he judged the young butts, the running water giving new patterns to hair and fuzz.

He also judged the meat. By reputation, the three biggest dicks belonged to Cadet Ross (a college freshman), Cadet Blicksilver (an eleventh-grader) and Cadet Dawson (high-school senior and Hanes' second love, after Wilkins). Ross didn't come to the pool, but the other two proved rumor right—a good seven inches soft, probably ten hard. And Dawson's big balls and blond pubic hair glistened under as well as above water.

Lt. Hanes was added to the list of big dicks the first day he stripped and dived in to pull a chunky bully off a little ninth-grader. When the bully resisted, Hanes pulled him by the hair of the head to the bottom of the pool. Held him there until he flailed his arms and bubbled that he was sorry.

After that, Hanes swam naked every day—to the boys' whistles and catcalls. His dick was as big soft as most men's were hard. But he had to be careful. Any contact with flesh or fabric, wood or metal, and it rose.

The cadets started calling him "Lt. Snake-Root." And with their salutes, they sometimes ran their left hand up the right arm—for measurement. And they kept asking when he was going to shake down the other half of Chancey Dorm. And Cadet Butkas, after saluting, would make a tube of his left hand, then jack the right fist up and down it.

The Dean called Hanes in, ostensibly to remind him that exemptions were to be made at the end of the semester. (Part of the Academy's draw was its exemption policy.) "At least three of your best eleventh-graders," he said. "We are here to reward excellence."

Offhand Hanes couldn't think of three high-school juniors who should be seniors. Cadet Butkas was brilliant but undisciplined. Cadet Wilkins worked hard, but he was making low B's.

"And Commandant Quarles says you still haven't had a fire drill," the Dean added, his eyes piercing Hanes' belt buckle.

"Guilty," Hanes pled.

"And from now on, exercise your lust off campus."

"I don't know what you're referring to, sir," Hanes said. He spread his legs wide for the Dean's smile, closed them for his cough—and another Lucky.

To placate Granny Grumley, Hanes held a fire drill the next morning—at three o'clock. The Company C boys huddled in the cold dorm yard while their pimply-faced leader tried to force them into formation. Hanes looked out his front windows, scratched his warm belly and watched until the commander sent the boys to their beds and probably visions of sugar cunts.

Butkas tried his door, but Hanes pulled down the shade.

In a daydream at night, Hanes lined them all up again and fondled them. (The school's senile doctor did almost as much. He fingered each and every tender prostate. And he had the best-looking cadets jack off into a bottle. Their semen he checked for a tropical disease no one had.

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After Hanes swam naked for the first time, the cadets started calling him "Lt. Snake Root." Hanes' dick was as big soft as most men's were hard. Cadet Butkas, after saluting Hanes, would make a tube of his left hand, then jack the right fist up and down it.

ever heard of. Each time a heartbreaker came back from old Doc Tomes, his fellows would yell "Got butt-itis? Got parrot-cock?")

Hanes had gone to Tomes for free treatment of the clap (now conquered). The old man hand-shook his cock as if greeting some long-lost friend. "A pity" he said after his diagnosis. "Better wear rubbers or it might rot off."

Cured, the cock showed its old condition—a hard with every rub, a half-hard every time a cadet's eye met his crotch.

Some of the grannies responded to the bulge. They invited him hiking/fishing/barbecuing/drinking. He used the now mythic Betty as an excuse. They'd licked their chops and say, "Ah, yesss," as if they knew Betty *and* the depth (undetermined) of her cunt.

In debt from socks to haircut, Hanes could not afford a car. The grannies offered theirs, but he knew the penalties of favors. He did, though, accept rides into town, and he went once with Granny Perkins to the drive-in—*Naked in Paradise*—a lot of flabby butts and a bush now and then. (Poor Perkins almost hyperventilated.)

Hanes usually stayed close. He had a TV, a stereo, his records and books. On long weekends (Thursday afternoon to Sunday, once a month), he got a ride or a bus back to visit friends in grad school. Gave them graphic details of cadet dick, in and out of uniform. Then he'd go to his old haunts—one bar and two tearooms. The sex, though plentiful, was weak compared to jack-offs to Wilkins, to Dawson, to 248.

Regular weekends were for catch-up on school work.

One October Saturday, he thought he had Main to himself, but as he fumbled for his keys in his pocket (tightened by a hard) Cadet Matt Butkas suddenly brushed against him. Energy and interest oozed from Butkas' eyes as they ogled Hanes' crotch.

Hanes started to ask if he had permission to be there, but then he remembered that a smart cadet could wrangle, cajole, blackmail his way into all kinds of freedom. Instead, he asked, "Too early to march off demerits?" (The boy had walked off five hours the night before, to the barks of a sergeant.)

"Yes, *sir*," Matt said. "Very true, *sir*." Uninvited, he followed Hanes into the room. And he—not Hanes—shut the door that locked automatically.

"And what do you want, Cadet Butkas?" Hanes asked.

Butkas looked around as if to find an answer. "Talk about my test, *Sir*." The boy's lips seemed to swell with blood as his eyes traced the growing dick.

"I haven't graded them," Hanes said. He sat in his chair—a swivel—and stretched, to give the dick a little room.

The boy perched on Hanes' desk and stared down into his crotch.

"What the fuck do you think you're doing?"

The boy fell to the floor. Sat there, his face within inches of the crotch.

Lt. Hanes' knees closed of their own accord—at least he couldn't remember *telling* them to hold the boy's head in a vise.

Cadet Butkas raised his eyes. The little fucker was grinning.

Lt. Hanes eased the hold.

The cadet's mouth—his whole face—fell into the crotch.

"Don't slobber on my uniform," Hanes said. He unzipped his pants and pulled out the throbbing dick and then the balls.

But Butkas wasn't a good cocksucker. His small suctions felt like guppy kisses.

Hanes pried the boy's mouth wide and slipped a ball into it. "See if you know how to tongue that," he said.

Butkas whined through his nose.

"Hush."

Downstairs a door opened. Footsteps.

Lt. Hanes wrenched the ball from the cadet's mouth.

No footsteps up the stairs. No sound at all.

Butkas fumbled to loosen his belt.

Hanes groped, but the cadet pushed Hanes' hand away and pulled his own pants to the floor, bent over the desk and lowered his shorts to his thighs.

"Spank me," he said. "Spank me good."

Hanes trembled up from his chair. He massaged the white butt, its crack not much longer than his cock. He pulled the cheeks apart. The tight ring looked virgin.

"You don't spank me, I scream," Butt said, his elbows plowing into tests and papers on the desk.

Lt. Hanes' open hand left a firm print on the snow-white ass.

A second slap shocked the crack into showing its fringe of black fuzz.

A third brought hunches and groans, and a gurgled plea for more.

Lt. Hanes double-pinched the cheeks. With one licked finger, he fucked the hot little hole. Two fingers.

"Give me that snake-root," Butkas moaned.

Lt. Hanes took a rubber from his billfold. Rolled it on. Pulled the boy's head around to slicken the dick.

Butkas' eyes rolled back into his head. His whole body trembled. His dick was still hidden, but the cadet had shot off, and on history papers.

"Why the fuck didn't you catch the load in your hand, you prick-head!"

The boy whined. Hunched air.

Lt. Hanes gave him a butt-pounding that moved the desk halfway across the room.

"You fucker," he whispered. "You *fuck-er!*"

The deeper he plowed, the harder the boy pushed back, and when he shot double and pulled out, the cadet begged for more.

Hanes rolled the rubber off.

Cadet Butkas said, "Give it to me."

Hanes opened the third-floor window. Threw the rubber out.

The cadet fell to the floor. Threw his legs back over his head and held them with his hands. 'Again," he said, "do it again, harder.

"Get out of here. Goddamn it, get!"

Matt did, winking dark secrets as he buttoned up.

Hanes trembled back into his clothes. Called himself a fool, a goddamn fool. Pledged (without a salute, without a mirror) never to touch Cadet Butkas again.

He read all the papers. Read Monday and Tuesday's assignments.

Back in his apartment, he napped to soft mus c.

He was awakened by a tapping on the door. It was Cadet Butkas, with cold cheeseburgers someone had brought him from town.

"Thought you'd like to share these, sir," he said, as if nothing had happened that morning.

Hanes supplied the beer from his bedroom fridge. The living room couch became their table.

They ate and Matt talked about his hometown and its high school he wanted to attend. 'But since mama died on me, daddy says I gotta go here—or Drexter" (Drexter was next-to-worst among Southern military schools. Only Poynton—a prison—beat it out.)

"Daddy's gone start a museum," Matt sa d between chews.

"What kind?"

"Knives. A knife museum. Make a fortune." Then Matt held a hand to an ear and pointed up to the ceiling. He put a finger to his lips.

Boys are watching you," he whispered. "Peepholes."

Hanes followed to the bedroom where Butkas pointed out the ones already discovered. Then one directly above the bed.

"Don't say I said,' Butkas whispered. His hand fell to Hanes' cock in boxer shorts. "Do what we did again."

"Where?" Hanes asked, his cock already growing out its door.

' In the bathroom."

Matt led the way. Dropped the seat on the john. Turned the water on for cover noise. Sat on the toilet and started nosing Hanes' crotch.

Hanes yanked his shorts down. Let the young man bury his face in the thick pubic hair. Let him lick the undersides of his balls, the hair that curled from his ass cheeks.

He reached down for Matt's dick, but the eighteen-year-old still wouldn't show it. Just shook his head and then came up for air (and to turn the second faucet on). He draped his middle (dick still hidden) across the john. Threw his butt up to show it was ready.

Hanes pulled the cadet's gray uniform shirt up on a firm, smooth back, decorated by nature where the spine went underground.

"My strawberries and cream," Matt said, and the birthmark did look like a bowl of berries in cream.

The butt cheeks were still red from the morning. Hanes spread them. The red pucker was swollen. He spat on a finger and rubbed the pucker gently up and down, across. And then he eased a finger inside.

'Spank me," the cadet said.

"No," Hanes said. He knelt at the Matt's head. Let him lick his bobbing cock while he kneaded vaseline onto and into the red butt.

"Stick that snake-root up in me," Matt said. "Turn my liver over."

"Do what?" Hanes said with a laugh.

"Something I heard," Matt said, and then almost swallowed Hanes' left nut.

"Goddamn you!" Hanes said, and pulled away from the pain. "Are you trying to geld me?"

"Give me your belt and I'll be good," he said.

"No. You're sore."

"Fuck me then."

"No, I said."

Hanes pulled the boy up. His hip bones acted as a saddle for Matt's legs. The cadet didn't know how to handle head-on kissing. His hands fluttered here, there, but mostly to try to hide his dick. Hanes grabbed it—small, with small balls. He squeezed, and pushed his tongue past tonsils.

The boy shot a load that belied the morning's depletion, shot an eighteen-year-old's endless volley.

Hanes held and kissed him until he, too, shot in the hand that held Matt's cum. He rubbed the cadet's butthole and cheeks with the remedy. He cuddled Matt until they both lost their after-tremors.

"Now, out with you," he told him, and the boy left, a new smile on his face.

Lt. Hanes and Cadet Butkas soon became what was called a "pair," which did not necessarily mean homosexual. Old Captain Hanks (science teacher, seventy) had his pets, and no one ever thought of him as anything but a Presbyterian. Cadet Barry Quinell (twenty-one, already signed with the Yankees) had little Davy Smith (tenth-grader.) At all free times, they were inseparable—and no one dare accuse Quinell. But Butkas, as in all things, was different in this. He trotted in Lt. Hanes' steps. Woke him in the morning long before reveille. (The apartment door would lock, but not the windows.) Ran the lieutenant's bath water (and begged for slick spankings). Shined his shoes (actually licked them. Hanes caught him and filled his mouth with Kiwi boot black. Made him swallow it.)

One Saturday, he crawled under Hanes' desk and sucked on his dick through the grading of two whole sets of tests.

Hanes tried to control him, partly for selfish reasons—249 others, many available. He had no fear that the cadet might "tell." Such things were not done at Big Pine. Cadets did not rat.

Finally, "No more," Hanes screamed and held up his hands.

Without servicing, Butkas became a demon. He turned his desk upside down and tried to sit on bolts and bars. He perched in a window and refused to take a test on the War of 1812.

Hanes threw him out of class, but the Dean wouldn't have it. ("If you can't control a few youngsters, you might consider another calling.") Youngsters, hell! Some of them had done time in reform schools. (Cadet Trask for tying his mother to a hot-water heater.)

Dean Grumley had no discipline problems. His cold blue eyes and red, alcoholic nose scared the most rambunctious into order.

Once or twice a week Hanes had to fuck Butkas, and in these sessions the boy was becoming wilder.

And Butkas was everywhere. Once Hanes thought he had Cadet Wilkins to himself for homework. Matt rose from behind the couch and started quoting the Declaration of Independence.

The only time Hanes could be sure Butkas was not around was during dirt detail, for the boy was never off. He marched off demerits evenings and weekends and smiled up into the faces of barking sergeants. He cleaned the urinals so often they were called his "herd."

Early one Sunday morning, when the dorm was almost deserted for weekend passes, Butkas let himself into the apartment by a window. He woke Hanes by sucking on his toes. Then after three hard kicks, he crawled into bed and tried to impale himself on Hanes' unrubbered dick, swollen double by an overfull bladder. Hanes held him off until he could roll one on. The boy took the whole shaft in two hard pushes back.

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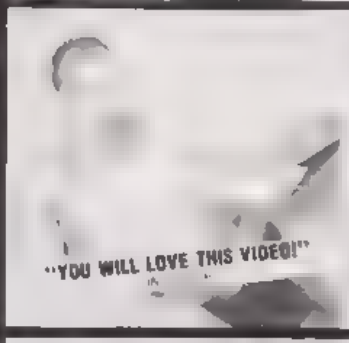

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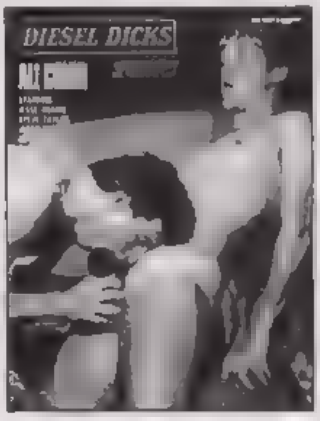

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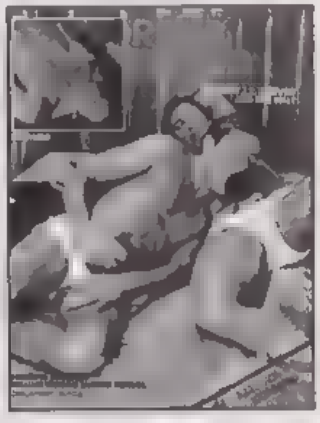

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"Easy," Hanes said "I need to piss."

The fuck was gentler than usual, because of the rickety bed. But Butkas would not let go. And after they had both come, his ass bucked for Hanes' bladder

"Damn it, I have to piss," Hanes said. (A night of beer with Grannies Luke and Perkins)

"Go ahead, and pee," Butkas said, and hunched. "See if I care."

"You fucker," Hanes said, but he had to let go. He pissed the rubber into a balloon, and Butkas somehow held the water while Hanes withdrew, still half-hard Held it and rolled his eyes and shot his little blind dick off again into his hand

"Best in a long time," Matt said, and made a piss path to the john.

He behaved in class for three days, until Hanes would not "do that again" Butkas tried to stand on his head during a pop quiz

Hanes said he should be sent to Poynton—the dead-end of military schools.

"I double-dare you," Butt said

"I'm going to flunk your ass."

"I'll be back in American history next year" Butkas opened the book and set it on fire

The class rolled with laughter, and the dean called Hanes in to lecture him on discipline and then to invite him to dinner—a torture, for both the dean and his missus were post-hugging drunk, and the pork roast was raw. (He fed bits to the cocker spaniel under the table.) Hanes couldn't turn the talk to Butkas.

The student files were supposedly closed to all but the dean and the registrar Hanes winked at the overworked secretary (librarian, dietician, bookkeeper, and only woman on campus except the dean's wife) and she let him see the folder of "that pore little knot of pain."

The only truths Butkas had told Hanes were his father's past (staff-sergeant in Korea) and his occupation (mail-order knife business) Matt had never attended the high school he talked about He had been in military academies since he was seven—the year his mother left (did not die) To date, he had been kicked out of five schools Even Drexter—next to the dead end (Poynton). And Big Pine always boasted that it had never taken a transfer from Drexter

Yet the boy's I.Q. read near genius—"A waste of smarts," one counselor had written

The reasons for the expulsions· "Mental fixations." "Unruliness." "Downright meanness"

Hanes cornered the dean sober and told him of a student who needed psychiatric help.

"Who?" he said, as if a mass murderer had been discovered

"A cadet," Hanes said

"Military schools don't recognize psychiatry," he said. "Have him drill five hours a day."

Butkas always drilled at least three hours a day. Often eight on Saturdays. His demerits accrued in classes, in the dorm, in the mess hall So that was no solution

Commandant Quarles knew something was wrong. He summoned Matt's father (in a Buick half a block long) Mr Butkas was tall, muscular, crew-cut, cold-eyed. He couldn't understand why the boy was allowed to "cut up."

"Bust his fuckin' ass," he said, looking at the door instead of Hanes. "Pull his goddamn bloomers down and let him have it"

Apparently senior Butkas did just that, for junior Butkas stayed in the infirmary two days.

"He can't sit down," Cadet Wilkins said "That daddy's a caution."

Matt came back to Chancey, but Hanes didn't go upstairs to see him. And the boy was not allowed to leave his room without a floor captain

It was almost Christmas vacation, and Hanes wanted the extra time to break whatever bond they had

To prove to the dean that the boy needed help, and to divorce himself further from him, Hanes exempted him from the second semester of American history. Matt would be in the dean's senior history class (European).

Granny Grumley was livid—a victim of his own policies. He checked Cadet Butkas' history grade—an A, with the help of Hanes' pencil

At first Matt continued to pester Hanes. Banged on his door. (The windows had been nailed down.) Left crazy notes in his P.O. box: "I hope your feet freeze off." "I hope a snake bites you in your head."

The notes stopped. The disturbances dwindled

Each morning, Butkas waited for Dean Grumley to come out of his house and smoke and cough his way to class.

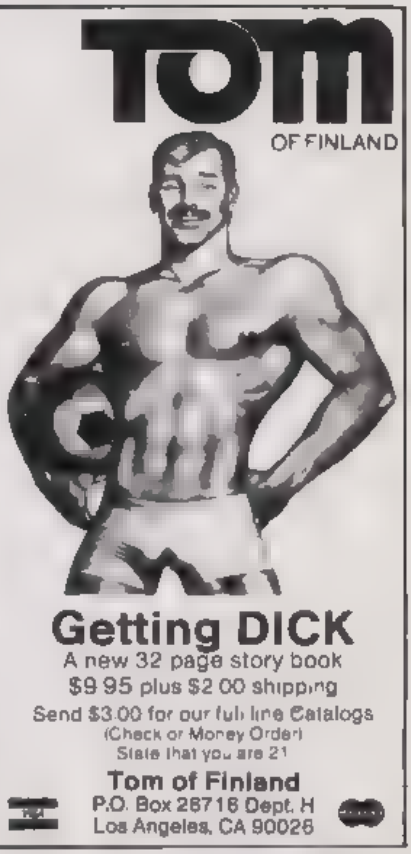
"Private Butkas," the dean would growl. "Get out of my way."

"Yes, *sir*," the boy said. He'd lose two steps and then follow the dean to class. From class. To the john To his home in back of Chancey.

The crueler the dean was, the more fascinated was Matt Butkas.

They had become a "pair," and the cadets grinned at each other when the two walked by.

"Wonder can Grumley keep a hard?" they asked



"If he can, it spits gin," they said.

"Bet ya Butkas is sucking up for another A"

Word then spread that Dean Grumley had beaten the boy in class—that he made him bend over the desk and used the wooden rod from a window shade on him

"And that nut-head didn't flinch," said one cadet.

That night, when Mrs. Grumley staggered out to call her cocker in, she tripped over Cadet Butkas, shivering on their welcome mat

She screamed and threatened to leave if something wasn't done.

Something was, the next day

Mr. Butkas drove up in his huge Buick

Matt was kept in solitary in a tiny room in back of Commandant Quarles' office. Hanes tried to see him, but Quarles refused everyone.

"Drexter," someone guessed, for Matt s dest nat on

Hanes didn't tell that the boy had already been there, that only Poynton was left.

The secretary confirmed that Cadet Butkas would be going there. "Last chance," she said, "for that pore little knot of pain"

Hanes was staring out his classroom window when the Buick drove off—the boy so small in the back seat, the father so large in the front.

Matt looked back once, as if he might wave but thought twice about it and turned away

Hanes tried to put him out of mind, but at night, in dreams, Butkas crept in—a little gargoyle with all holes open

That spring Hanes started working out with Cadet Wilkins. He spent some weekends with Cadet Dawson. He had sex of sorts (jack-offs, rub-offs) with both, but they were selfish young animals—not about to give their hearts away

By then, Cadet Butkas had become a Big Pine hero—the bronco who could not be broken. His insanity was forgotten, the perseverance and glee remained—the week he wore out two pairs of shoes marching off demerits, the time he found Granny Luke's primp mirror in her desk and pasted onto it a picture of King Kong, the burning of his history book.

Cadet Dawson, from a town near Matt's, added to the myth—news that the boy had been kicked out of Poynton (and then his father's house) for "acts unbecoming a soldier and a gentleman" (Big Pine cadets guessed thousands of them—none probably so graphic as the real.)

When "Captain" Hanes left Big Pine, he too had settled into myth—by leading Company C (naked) against Alpha in a successful midnight snowball skirmish, by meeting a cadet on the drill field for a "duel" (Hanes' weapon a cannon stolen from the ROTC). His last night, he had an indefatigable Betty service most of Chancey while he watched (and pumped her twice himself).

Driving away from Big Pine, Hanes stopped at a "No-Facilities" rest area on Interstate 85—"The Forest," it was called, or "Cumson," because it was close to Clemson University and thousands of tech students. Not a soul was in sight, but a semi, six cars, and a Harley-Davidson were parked at the lip of the woods.

Hanes made his way down one of the many cluttered paths.

Hanging from bushes were B&D magazine photos—strange apples on ordinary trees, young men tied up and begging for the cock or billy club of a master. Signs and arrows pointed toward the heart of the wood. "Come on down for fuck." "Come on down for suck."

A middle-aged man on his way out stopped to glare at a photo of a young man squatting on a dildo. "That sick bastard's gone ruin this place," he said. "Hanging up these pitchers."

"Where's the action?" Hanes asked

"Down there. Hell, he lives here. That beat-up Triumph? His home-sweet-home."

"I believe I'll take a look around," Hanes said

He heard the orgy before he saw it. Moans—high animal sounds. Grunts. Commands from watchers. "Fuck the shit out of that cunt-ass." "Choke his throat with 'at hose." "Churn his butter good."

Hanes separated leaves for a view of two men—fore and aft—driving a third, bent over and hidden on each side by two more men in khaki

A few steps closer, Hanes could make out the cyclist's dick paring an ass, second cock (the trucker's?) pushing into a bushy head of dyed red hair

The motorcyclist started to pull out, but Hanes rubbed a rising hard to show he was in sympathy.

The cyclist rammed his angry hard-on into the butt that had blue switch scars across it, like the whiskers of a cat. The trucker took two handfuls of the man's red hair as reins and pulled the mouth back onto a heavy cock

The khaki boys seemed to be waiting their turn, their hard dicks bobbing.

"Push his gums down his thoat," one of them said

Hanes pulled his dick out, to waves that he should join in. He got a rubber from his billfold and started to roll it on.

The red-headed man gurgled something. Squirmed his butt

The cyclist withdrew, his dick dripping clots of cum. He took it to the head. Hunched the last of his load into the mouth made free by the trucker, who then took back the hole

"Next?" the cyclist called to Hanes.

"We're just watchin'," explained one of the khaki boys. He went down on Hanes' rubbered dick. As if it *needed* slick which it didn't, for the man's butthole looked like a pussy after delivery. Old cum circled the stretched rings, and the man's legs were glazed in dried semen

But Hanes' dick, brick-hard, had no conscience. He plunged it into the ass, his hands rubbing the cat whiskers on each cheek

"Give him a gully fuck," said the trucker, who was now using the man's shirt as reins, pulling it up on a back of rubbery scars.

Hanes' first reaction was to withdraw, but the ass had invisible tongues, fingers, muscles that held onto his cock. He closed his eyes on the scars and plunged as hard as he could. Let the deep valley of heat turn him into frenzy

"Split him from both ends," somebody whispered

"Turn his liver over"

When Hanes opened his eyes, two of the khaki boys were shooting off on the man's back, and the trucker was hunching hard enough to pull the reined shirt over the bushy head—and there, where the spine went underground, was a bowl of strawberres swimming in scarred cream

Hanes shot what felt like blood. He whirled as he withdrew.

"It's here around the clock," one of the men said as Hanes hurried uphill.

He had difficulty tearing the keys from his pocket. Unlocking the car door. And he drove off in lunges, his feet trembling to the jerk of his heart

The open road calmed him, but miles away he caught himself whispering, "That pore little knot of pain. That pore little knot of pain."■

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I WANT JEFF

Continued from page 9

his hand and shook it up and down.

"Go get me a beer. Now!"

I released my hold on his meaty thighs and, like a good boy, ran to the kitchen. When I returned he was naked and sprawled on the bed, slowly jacking his cock. He took the beer, sipped, and spread his legs wide.

"No need to undress. Crawl between my legs and give my cock a workout. Treat daddy right and he'll be good to you."

He took another swallow of beer, and I crawled onto the bed and wrapped my lips around his cock as if I'd done it all my life. Trying not to gag, I worked the head down my throat, looking up at him as I did so, at the mean grin on his handsome face. I took his cock deeper into my throat, then drew back to the sensitive head, then plunged down to the base again. He started fucking my face, and I could tell he was getting really hot. I raised up on my arms and took his cock right to the base. My mouth was stretched to the limit, my throat on fire. I plunged that beautiful cock into my aching throat again and again, and his moans grew louder and louder as I worked.

'Slow down,' he gasped. "I don't want to come yet." I took his balls into my mouth one at a time and soaked them with spit.

"I'm gonna cum," he yelled.

I went back to his cock, his cries ringing in my ears as his cock pulsed in my throat and started shooting his warm load. He wrapped his thighs around my head and hunched his pelvis as he shot again and again. I gagged, but he wouldn't release me from his cock until he was completely drained.

"You sucked daddy's cock real good, kid," he said, giving me a satisfied grin. "Daddy's real proud of you." He pushed me away, rolled onto his side, and went to sleep.

I returned to my bedroom, tore off my clothes, and threw myself onto the bed. My crotch was damp with pre-cum and sweat. I started to beat my dick, savoring the taste of Jeff's cum on my tongue. Some of his cock hair was tangled in my 'stache. I writhed and moaned, my legs flung wide, my tortured balls bouncing as I relived our encounter.

I was getting ready to come when I turned my head and there stood Jeff watching me. The hall light was behind him, so I couldn't see his face. He loomed in the doorway for a minute or so, then took a step into the room.

"Get your hand off your cock, asshole," he growled.

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I froze in mid-stroke, my balls aching to come.

"I don't remember telling you you could play with yourself."

I removed my hand, and my cock slapped against my stomach as hard as a crowbar. "Please ..." I whimpered.

Hand on hips, Jeff moved closer to the bed and looked down on me. He gripped my shoulder and rasped, "Don't you ever let me catch you playing with yourself—get that, fuck-up? From now on, you ask permission. I know how horny a kid can get, but you're just gonna have to stay horny. The hornier you are, the better head you'll give me. And if it's good enough, I might let you jerk off once or twice a week. But not tonight. Now, drop your cock and go to sleep, or daddy's gonna whip your ass. You ever let me catch you playing with your boy-toy again and I'll tie it in knots."

He swatted my balls hard and left the room. I lay there on the verge of tears. My hand went back to my cock. Only a few strokes would get me off.

Again, Jeff walked back into the room. "Didn't I tell you not to do that without my permission?"

Something inside my head snapped. I heard myself asking permission. Jeff smiled.

His big white teeth gleamed in the half light. "Go ahead, Jimmie, come for daddy."

He stood watching me as I quickly started to jack my cock, moaning and writhing on the sweat-drenched sheets, desperate to come. After only ten strokes I shot.

"Oh, yeah, my boy throws a heavy load, just like his old man." He scooped my warm cum off my chest onto his fingers, then brought them to my mouth. "Lick 'em clean, kid."

When I had finished cleaning up my cum, he patted my head and strode back to his bedroom. I was more excited than I'd been during sex with anyone else, including Jill. I fell asleep trying not to think about it. But before I faded out, I whispered to myself, "Good night, daddy."

I was hooked, and Jeff was in control. He knew more about what was going on inside my head than I did. The next morning I fixed breakfast and served it to him in bed. As he sat propped up on the pillows, he instructed me to pull down the sheet. His soft

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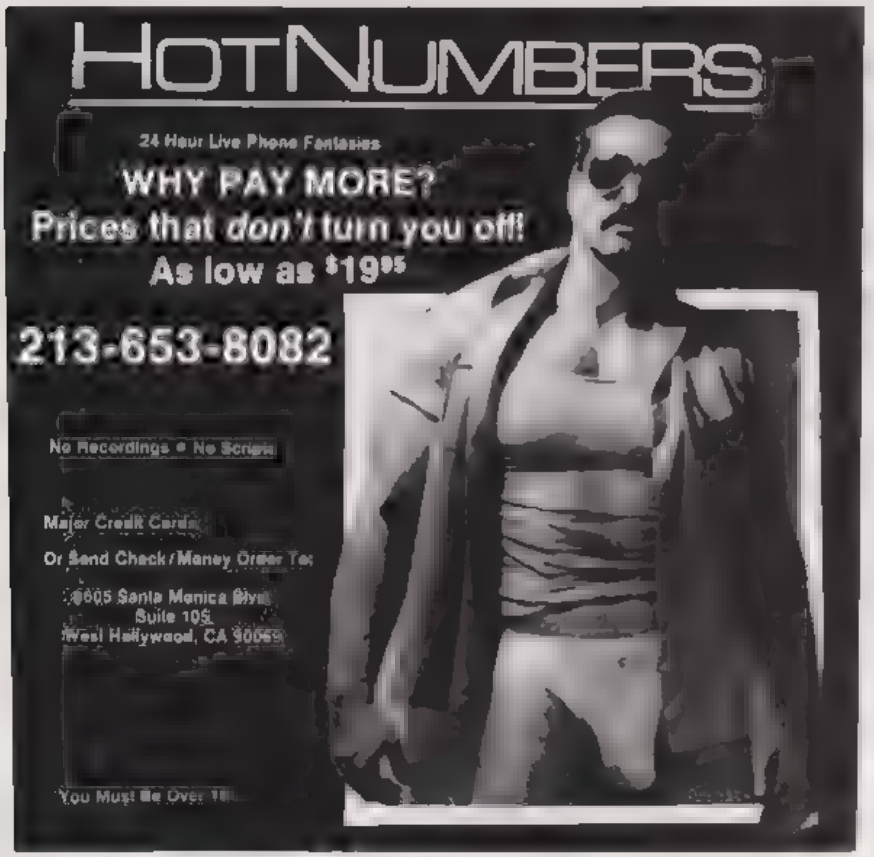

cock arched down over those enormous balls.

"Get it hard, son. Suck it up hard."

I sucked it while he ate. I licked his cock and balls and teased his piss slit.

"That's enough, son. Daddy doesn't want to come right now. Go into the bathroom and adjust the water in the shower. I'll be in as soon as I finish my coffee."

My cock on full hard, I went into the bathroom and adjusted the water in the shower. Then I stood in front of the full-length mirror on the bathroom door and tried to see myself as Jeff did. What did he see that made him know I wanted him? I was six feet tall, 180 pounds of solid muscle—Jill called me "all man." And yet the night before, I'd sucked another man's cock, a man who referred to himself as my daddy, a man who made me ask permission to jerk off, a man who used me and gave me no sexual relief except my own hand. He had total control over me. I was his cocksucker, my body his mindless receptacle. I was repulsed, but my cock stood straight and hard, contradicting everything I'd ever believed about myself. I was twenty-six years old and I had a thirty-four-year-old daddy that I lusted for. He walked into the bathroom, his big cock swaying from thigh to thigh, and I slowly sank to my knees. He stood in front of the toilet bowl. I pulled back his heavy foreskin and held his cock for him as he pissed. Daddy smiled.

I could hardly wait to get home from work to be with Daddy. Every night I serviced him. Some nights he'd stand up and have me suck him on my knees. The next night I'd be lying on the bed and he'd start out fucking my mouth, then sit on my face to delay his orgasm. Some nights I'd give him a tongue bath from neck to toe. "Jimmie, that's a good tongue. It drives Daddy crazy. You're a good boy. You take care of Daddy real good. Real good." My cock was always hard, but I didn't ask to jerk off. I was Daddy's boy and lived for his pleasure only.

Often at lunch hour I'd think of him—his huge, thickly muscled body, his voluminous foreskin that would slip down behind his oversized head as I licked his salty precum, his heavy balls, the tangle of hair covering his asshole, his smells, his strong hands gripping my head as he fucked my mouth like a madman. I'd go on and on fantasizing until I'd be ready to shoot in my lunch box.

As a good son, I told my daddy about my daydreams. He smiled and patted my head and told me that was a good sign. I wasn't playing with myself. Then, spreading his legs, he'd grin. "Jack me a while. Pretend it's your own dick." I'd grip his cock and jack myself by jacking him. He always wanted it to last, and so did I. I'd bring him

I nodded as Jeff tugged his cock out of one side of the jock; it was fully erect. I sat there shaking all over. The object of my desire was being offered to me. Jeff reached over and took my hand and placed it on his cock. When he removed his hand, I held onto his pulsing cockflesh.

to the brink, then stop and tongue his large ripe head, and he'd moan, "Yeah kid, that's the way Make it last "

One night I teased his big cock for over an hour Finally he threw me on my back, straddled my chest, and fucked my mouth in a frenzy.

He started letting me sleep with him He'd hold me in his big arms and press his cock close to my ass and fall asleep I'd drift off slowly, my cock so hard it hurt

One morning I woke up screaming. His cock was on its way into my asshole I struggled to get away, but he held me tight The harder I fought, the harder he drove into me. He threw one leg over me, and I felt the head pop into me. It was like a hot poker tearing through me. I yelled and screamed, but he only laughed and told me to relax With a single, powerful plunge he was all the way inside me and I lay crying in his arms.

He kept talking to me, soothing me with his words. Slowly I began to relax Time and time again, his cock slowly withdrew to the head only to plunge back into me

He took my hand and placed it on my cock. "Play with yourself, baby It'll make you forget the pain

To my amazement, my cock was already hard as a brick. He started picking up speed, and I matched his rhythm with my fist.

"So fuckin' tight—virgin tight," he whispered in my ear My asshole opened up to him I was on fire, sweating profusely as I jerked my cock and took that wrecker into my belly. He kept telling me how hot I was making him, how tight I was, how good his dick felt, all the time fucking me faster and faster

"Permission to come! Please, Daddy permission to come," I sobbed

"Shoot it, kid Go ahead, shoot it for Daddy Permission to come granted"

I went crazy pulling on my dick and he fucked me as if his life depended on it. I yelled, "Daddy!" and shot my wad all the way across the room onto the newly painted wall His cock swelled inside me, and he flooded me with hot cum, his body convulsing as he roared like a bull I had a second climax I had never felt so completely satisfied in my life. His cock embedded in my hole, we both drifted back into sleep

I was late for work, and all day my asshole throbbed painfully, forcing me to stand while I ate my lunch I hadn't had time to shower that morning, and I could smell his sweat and cum on my body

One of my working buddies pointed at my crotch "Hey, look at Jim," he laughed " 'Bout time Jill got home, huh?"

I had almost forgotten Jill. I realized I didn't *want* her to come home, ever

We had only one more weekend together before Jill was to return from Ohio We made the most of it Jeff became obsessed with my asshole, almost as obsessed as I was with his dick He fucked me for hours without coming, his balls slapping against my lower back as he fucked

Our last evening, I gave him a tongue bath and sucked him off Later, he fucked me long and hard, and as he started to come, he pulled out and shot all over my face. "Something to remember me by, kid" He smiled as he rubbed the warm cum through my hair and into my skin

Later we were sprawled on the bed, drinking beer, my head resting on his chest. I ran my tongue across his nipples and rubbed my nose in his chest hair I sucked the hairs in his armpit.

"I don't want you to forget this, kid," he said "Some men never have this experience. But having it doesn't make you any less a man Maybe it makes you more of a man It ain't easy to take what you've been taking You took it and liked it. I'm not sure if you're gonna stay with Jill. That's up to you. But I have a hunch what you really need is another man. Maybe several before you decide. I want you to know this has been the hottest experience of my life. Except for a guy in Nam I'll always think of you as my boy, Jimmie. You gave and I took. In my own way, I gave too. Someday you'll understand that "

I reached down and fondled his cock and balls. It stirred slightly at my touch, the thick foreskin slipping away from the head

"As your daddy, I know you're ready now to take care of yourself, without Daddy around You're a hot man—great-lookin', hard-workin', and with a cock like yours, someday *you* may become someone's daddy."

I started to speak, but he put his fingers in my mouth and grinned. "No talk now, babe. Get down on Daddy's cock Suck me off Make it last "

I pushed everything he'd said to me to the back of my mind and went down on Daddy's cock For the last time.

My divorce from Jill was not amicable She was really bitter that I'd got involved with "some tramp" while she was off taking care of her ailing mother I never told her the truth And I live on the other side of the country now, so she'll never know.

The thing is, I *am* first and always a man. For years I craved cunt and that's what I fucked When I learned there was something better, I went after that. A man's gotta have what a man's gotta have.

That's what Daddy taught me ■

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These Bases Are Loaded
They Work Hard for Their Money
The Young and the Hung

from Buckshot
The Best of Buckshot
The Company We Keep
Easy Entry
Every Which Way
Private Party
Triple Treat

from Matt Sterling
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The Bigger the Better
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A Matter of Size
Sizing Up

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Bi-Sexual Fantasies
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Innocence Lost
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Best Friends
The Best of Times
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Printers Devils
The Young Olympians

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Closet Set II
El Paso Wrecking Corp.
Handsome
Heatstroke
Kansas City Trucking Co
L.A. Tool and Die

from Matt Sterling
Huge I
Huge II

from Steve Scott
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Daring It
A Few Good Men
Flashback
Games
Greenhorn
I Do
Inches
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All American Boys in Heat
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Campus Jocks
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Chain Reactions
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Coverboy
Cruisin' the Castro
Cum-pany Ass-ets
Deep Chocolate
Deep Thrust
Desert Heat
Dreamer
Dude *("Le Beau Mec")*
F Stop
Faces
Falconpac 1
("The Other Side of Aspen")
Falconpac 2—23 *($57.95 each)*
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Falconpac 29 *("Huge I")*
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Falconpac 31 *("Huge II")*
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Falconpac 34 *("Winner Takes All")*
Falconpac 36—39 *($57 95 each,*
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Falconpac 41 *("Nightflight")*
Falconpac 42—45 *($57 95 each)*
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F eshtones
Forbidden Dreams *(transsexual)*
Foreplay
Frathouse One
Gett ng Off Campus
Good Hot Stuff *(Buckshot)*
Good Men Go Bad
Hard
Hard As They Come
Hard Men at Work
Hard Money
H.E.A.T
The Heat Goes On
Heavy Equipment
Hot off the Press
Hot Shots *(with Casey Donovan)*
Hote He
Hot Truckin
Hung and Horny
Hunk *(with Roger)*
International Skin
Jacks Are W ld
Jailmates
King Size
Knockout
L.A. Boiling Point
Long Johns
Made in the Shade, Part 1
Made in the Shade, Part 2
Making It Huge
Manheat
Mantalk
Master of the Discipline
Men and Stee
More Than a Mouthful
Muscle Fever
Never Big Enough
Never Ending Studs
New Wave Hustlers
Nothing But the Best
One, Two, Three
Oreo Boys
Outrage
Performance
Private Collection *(Hand-in-Hand)*
Private Pool Party
Red Hanky Left *(F.F.A.)*
Revenge of the Nighthawk
Room for Rent
Room Service Plus
Room 328
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Skin Flix
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Too Hot to Handle
Totally Awesome
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Dune Buddies
Everything Goes
Fire Island Fever
Good Hot Stuff
Hot House
The Idol
In Heat
Jack
Just Blonds
Left-Handed
A Night at the Adonis
The Night Before
Rough Trades
Sex Magic
Station to Station
Strictly Forbidden
Wanted Billy the Kid
Hungry Hole
Small Town Boy

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OR #57 *("Men on the Mat")*
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Both Ways *(bi-sexual)*
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Forbidden Portraits
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In the Name of Leather
Ivy League
Men's Room
Mind Games
More Mind Games
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New York City Pro
New York Men
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Palace of Pleasures
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Locker Room Fever
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The Main Attraction
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A Married Man
Rear Deliveries
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Black Brothers
Black Forbidden Fantasies
Black Orient Express
Black Sex Therapy
Boys in the Sand
Bring Your Own Man
Broadway Boys
California's Golden Boys
Cell Block #9
Cherokee Station
Christopher Street Blues
Cousin Buck
Death of Scorpio
Deep Passage
Dynamite
Flesh and Fantasy
Friends Are Best
Golden Boys of the SS
The Harder They Fall
(also called "Trouble Shooters")
Harley's Angels
Hot Trash
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Humungous, Part 2
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Jeff Noll's Buddies
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Kid Brother
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The Prostitute
Pygmalion
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So Many Men, So Little Time
Song of the Loon
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Nine-Plus
Split Image
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Star Shots, Vol. 2 *(Jon King)*
Star Shots, Vol. 3 *(Chris Burns)*
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Star Shots, Vol. 5 *(Richard Locke)*
Star Shots, Vol. 6 *(J.D. Slater)*
Straight
Twelve at Noon
We'll Meet Again

aerobics/striptease not hard-core
Beyond Briefs *(striptease)*
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Five Hard Pieces
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House Detective
I Need It Bad
In the Heat of the Knight
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Light Blue Hanky Left
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Macho Grande
Mondo Nexus
Mustard Hanky Right
(Eight inches or more)
Naked City Nights
Navy Blue Hanky Left
Night Beat
Olive Drab Hanky Left
("Uniforms")
Orange Hanky Left
("Anything, Anytime")
Poker Studs
Pure Fantasies
Raoul's Masterpiece
Ramrod #1 *("AWOL")*
Ramrod #2 *("Everhard")*
Ramrod #3 *("Mouthful")*
Ramrod #4 *("Two Hard to Handle")*
Robin's Egg Blue Hanky *(69)*
Rushing
Safe Sex
Savage Rides Again
Singlehanded
Studhunter, Vol. 1
Studhunter, Vol. 2
Their Tender Moments
Tub Studs
White Hanky Left
Wrestling Studs
Writer's Delight
Young Stallions

aerobics/striptease

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Tight End
Top Man

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Attitudes
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The Big Fantasy
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Boarding School Hero
Body Heat
The Boys in the Bath
Buckskin Basun
Busy Boys
Chained
Cocky Cruisin
Confidential Case Histories
Cram Course
Cycle Studs
Deadly Blows
Desires of the Devil
Fantasy Island
Foreskin Fantasy III *("Phantasm")*
Guys Who Do
Handy Randy Guys
Hard Hat
High Rollers
Hot for Cash
Hot Jobs
Hottest Hunks in Town
Impulse
Inmates
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THE JERSEY DEVIL

Continued from page 40

him and suck. "Your cock, your cock, if I can only have your cock. Please ." My lips shaped the words but I couldn't give them voice. He heard me anyway.

The others looked at me with jealousy and hatred in their eyes. I had to draw away. I closed my eyes.

And then I awoke. I was back with Steve at the campsite. He was bent over me, dabbing my forehead with a cold cloth.

"I was really worried. I couldn't get you to wake up. Too much beer, I guess. Maybe your bacon was bad."

I asked him where Timmy was.

"At home, of course. Now I think it's time I got *you* home."

On the way back to the city, I told him about my nightmare. I also told him how glad I was to wake up and find him tending to me. He was silent all through this. Periodically he would glance over at me and smile sympathetically. Somehow I found his sympathy unnerving.

Days passed, weeks, then months. I continued to see Steve occasionally. He'd come to my apartment in the mornings. I was no longer intimidated or spooked by him. It was just a run-of-the-mill, problem-free affair. Then one day his wife telephoned and started yelling at me. She said that her husband wouldn't be coming around anymore, that I'd have to find another straight man to dig my claws into "to suck the life-blood out of."

A henpecked devil, I thought to myself after she hung up. And then I remembered and almost believed, that all of that had been only a dream.

In a bar some time later, I had almost succeeded in forgetting about Steve when I saw someone who resembled Joe. Looking again I found the resemblance so striking that I was convinced it *was* Joe. Yet how, if he didn't exist? My heartbeat accelerated, and panic clenched my gut. He saw me staring at him and his eyes widened with recognition. He held his hand up and waved. I went over to him immediately.

"I know you," he said. "Where have we met?"

"The Pine Barrens, through our mutual *friend* Steve, the bus driver." I tried to keep calm, but the nightmare was becoming too real. I saw the scar on his face. "I know this is just a dream, but I can't help being curious: how did you get out of the forest?"

"He lets us out sometimes. But when he calls for us, we return. You will too."

"I don't understand," I said, fear taking hold of me. "Steve is back with his wife. She's onto his game. I'm in my own place. I'll never go back to the Barrens. I am not a slave to Steve's cock any longer. And his cock was the only power he ever had over me!"

I was trembling, and I'm sure I had a wild look in my eyes. But Joe didn't look at me as if I was crazy. And I didn't wake up.

"Would you like a beer?" he asked, running his hand over my leg.

I remembered cuddling with him in the shack, smelling his foresty aroma, and feeling the sturdiness of his erection. I melted. And for a moment I forgot to be afraid.

Then at the other end of the bar I saw Eric. Then I thought I saw the others scattered among the crowd. They looked like they were anticipating something, and so did Joe when I turned back to him.

Over and over again, the thought ran through my head, "He is coming here, he is coming here." I had been lured to this bar by some force I had not been aware of, an irresistible urge to leave my apartment, to come to this place for no apparent reason.

I determined to leave. I would excuse myself and walk out the door and lose myself in the crowds outside and not look back. I would get up off the bar stool, now, and casually say good-bye and go. Yet as I tried to put my thoughts into action, a sudden lethargy overtook me. My willpower weakened as I thought of Steve's sinewy legs and the majesty of his cock and the muscles of his abdomen rippling as he shot his load of milk and honey and vinegar.

The feeling was not unlike trying to escape from something in a dream, or fighting against an ocean current. I felt pulled back, encased in a fog. I had to force myself off the bar stool. It was painful, because the warmth was in the bar and the streets seemed barren and cold. And I did not want to be alone ■

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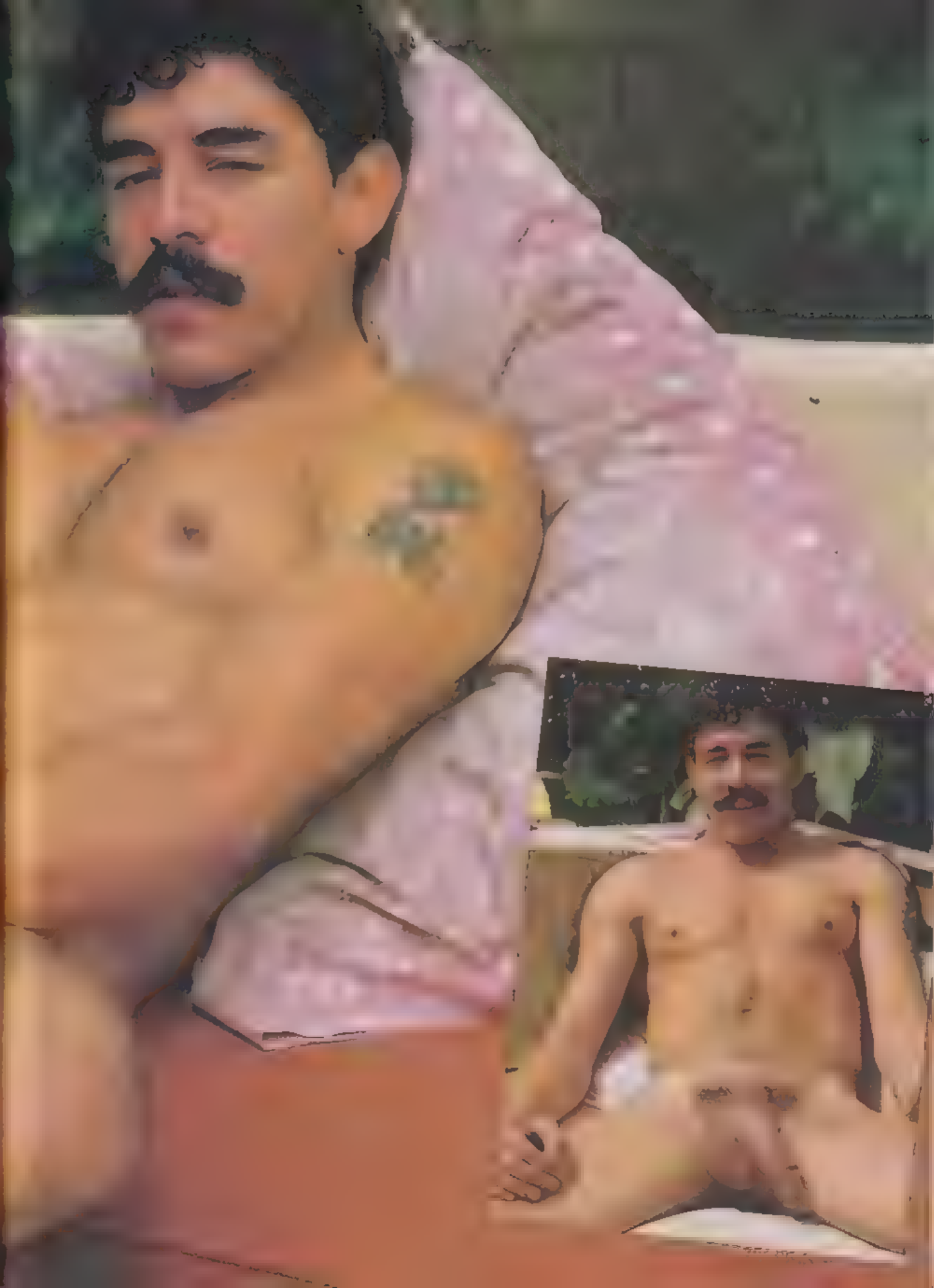

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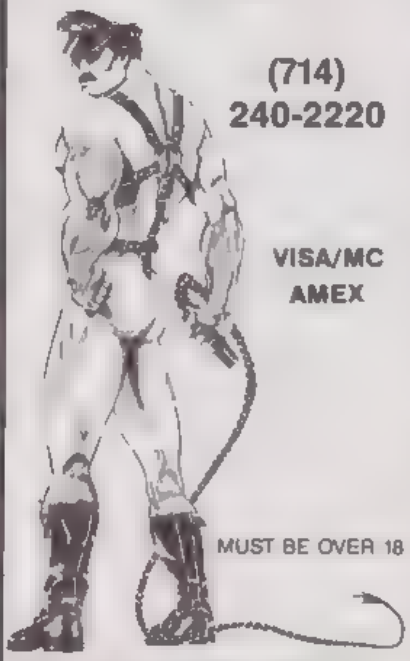

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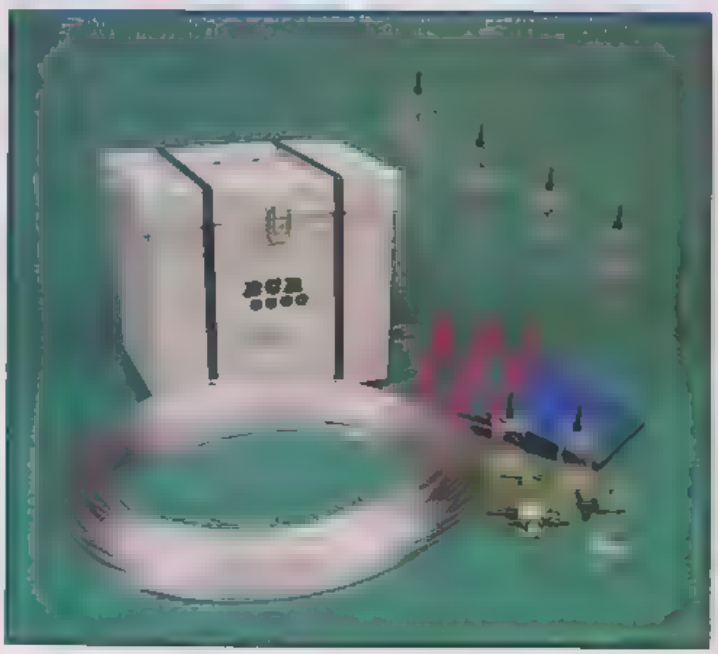

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LEATHER TIMES THREE

Continued from page 12

sleeveless T-shirt at me

"Put these on. You are about to meet the boss."

Quickly I pulled on the T-shirt, which smelled of sweat.

"Here. He likes his employees to wear this."

"This" was a black leather jock. "Beautiful," I murmured, putting on the jock, my cock already hard.

"Don't speak unless addressed."

"Yes, sir." I pulled on the jeans, but they were too small. I sucked in my stomach and strained to get the last two buttons through the worn holes. I looked in a mirror on the van wall. I looked hot.

Kyle ran his tongue over his lips. "Real nice. I'm gonna put this blindfold on you so you can't see where you're goin'. And I'm gonna tie your hands." He pulled a rope taut around my wrists.

"Ow," I said without thinking.

Kyle spun me around and whipped my chest and stomach with another piece of rope. I collapsed on a seat.

"Stay there," he said, making his way to the driver's seat.

He pulled out and sped down the street. I fantasized about what would happen at the warehouse, who we would meet there.

In a few minutes the truck lurched around a corner and pulled into a driveway. I heard the hum and squeak of a garage door opening. We pulled inside, and the door closed. "You are here to do my bidding and my master's bidding. Fuck up the least little bit and you'll be black, blue, and jobless. Understand?"

"I'm getting bored. Let's—"

Kyle was all over me in a flash, whispering savagely. "Shut the fuck up."

"I'm terrified," I cried in mock terror.

He raised me up, pulled off my blindfold and said, "We'll see how much of a smart-mouth you are with him."

Wrists still bound, I was pulled out of the van and onto a deserted loading dock. I stood still and breathed heavily while he searched for the right key. He opened the door and pushed me into a large, almost empty room. A little daylight filtered in from the windows along the ceiling on one wall, and I could see a few crates scattered here and there. In the center of the room, under a shaft of light a few crates from a skylight was a pile of what appeared to be foam rubber.

Kyle walked around and inspected me.

"You're ready."

"Yes, sir," I replied quietly.

"You'll need all the obedience you can muster."

With that, Kyle turned, walked toward a steel door on the other wall, and slid it open.

I gasped. On the other side stood a very tall, very well built stud wearing a leather hood, leather chaps, and high leather boots. In his left hand he held a whip, which he casually drew back and forth over his right hand. At the sight of him, I sank to my knees.

The leather-hooded stud walked slowly towards me. The only sound in that big warehouse was his boots striking the floor. He stopped a couple of feet from where Kyle stood and I knelt.

"Who is this?" the stud asked.

"Answer him," barked Kyle.

The leatherstud turned his hooded head toward Kyle. "I was talking to you."

The color drained from Kyle's face. "It's the faggot I told you about, sir," he said respectfully.

"Strip," the stud ordered Kyle.

"But—"

At that the leatherman jerked his whip over his head.

"Yes, sir," Kyle said, hastening to shed his suit. When he finished stripping he stood in front of the leather stud.

"Take the rope off his wrists," the stud ordered.

"I thought—"

The whip cracked through the air, landing with a smack on Kyle's left shoulder. He flinched.

Untie his hands.

Kyle walked behind and bent over to untie the rope. He fumbled for a moment. "Get those ropes off him fast or I'll kick the shit out of you," the leatherstud said, raising his right foot off the floor.

The ropes fell to the floor. I kept my hands behind me, uncertain what to do.

"Pick up the rope," the stud ordered Kyle, who did so and stood up. The leatherman motioned for Kyle to walk around me.

Kneel in front of him," he said. Kyle started to kneel on the foam rubber. "On the floor." When Kyle hesitated, the

leatherman pushed him down. "Hand him the rope."

Kyle looked at me, anger welling up in his eyes, but I met his gaze with defiance. He threw the rope in front of me.

"Now you," the leatherman said, the first words he had directed to me. "Tie his hands behind his back."

"I'm not too good with knots, sir," I said sarcastically, expecting instant retribution.

Instead the leatherman whipped Kyle's back. Kyle moaned with pleasure, and his cock grew harder.

"You'll learn," the stud said quietly to me.

I grabbed the rope, and it brushed roughly over the crotch of my Levi's, arousing me even further. I could see the stud staring at my bulge as I began to bind Kyle's wrists.

"Do a good job, faggot," Kyle whispered.

"Silence," the stud commanded, lashing Kyle's back again. Then he turned toward me. "What do you want him to do for you?" he asked quietly.

"Strip me with his teeth," I answered.

"No," Kyle said. "This faggot—"

The stud reached down and hit the side of Kyle's neck with the butt of the whip handle. "Do as he says."

Kyle reeled from the blow and fell on his side. He quickly righted himself when the leatherstud raised his booted foot to kick him in the ass.

Now it was my turn to humiliate Kyle. It would be hard for him to get my clothes off with his teeth and I had no intention of making it easier. "Come on, get going," I whispered derisively. With that I leaned over and grabbed his balls and pulled down as hard as I could. He winced. I grabbed his right nipple with my free hand and squeezed. Kyle whimpered with pleasure as I twisted his tit and balls. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the stud stroking his meat.

"He told you to take off his clothes with your teeth. Get to it."

Kyle leaned down and, bearing his teeth, clamped his jaw on my T-shirt. His teeth on my stomach hurt like hell, but I did not cry out. I wanted to prove to the leatherstud that I could take it.

Gradually Kyle got the T-shirt up to my neck. Lazily I raised my arms so he could pull it over my head. We stood in unison, and instantly the leatherstud snatched the T-shirt out of Kyle's mouth, held it to his face, and inhaled deeply. My heart raced, my cock jerked, I pushed Kyle and sent him prawling on his back, half off the foam rubber mattress. I stood over him and teased his cock with my foot.

"Oh, baby," he moaned.

"Shut up," I said, pushing him down on the floor. He scrambled back to a kneeling position, and I knelt in front of him. "Get my pants off!" I ordered.

I looked up at the stud as Kyle sprung the top button. For a second Kyle was motionless. Then he went for the second button, his damp forehead rubbing the top of my leather pouch. He got the second button open, then the third, and he started sucking on the pouch. I reached down and slapped him.

"Yes," Kyle whimpered.

I grabbed his heavy cock and pushed it into his balls. "Yes, what?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," he whispered.

Get on with it," the leatherstud barked. Then he bent over and motioned for me to come closer. "I'm the only one in this room to be called sir. Understand?"

"Fuck you," I said with a sneer.

The leatherman straightened up as Kyle attacked the fourth button, then walked behind me and inflicted five sharp blows with his whip. Kyle popped the last button.

"Take off his pants," the stud ordered.

Kyle fell to his knees and once again closed his teeth on the worn fabric. In a minute my pants lay in a heap at my feet. The leatherstud reached over, picked them up, buried his face in the crotch. Then he tossed them aside.

"I'll take care of that jock," he said, pushing Kyle away. The leatherstud put one hand on either side of my crotch and yanked the jock. The leather had practically become glued to my cock and balls.

"Make it hurt," I begged.

"You'll be hurting soon enough," the leatherman laughed. "Right now, you're gonna fuck Kyle."

"Yes, sir," I chanted.

I lunged for Kyle, pushed his legs apart and jammed my cock into his hole as far as it would go, then lifted myself off Kyle's back and drove in deeper.

Kyle writhed on the floor. "Ride me baby!" he said, running his bound hands up and down my chest.

I pushed his head down until it was grinding into the floor. "You move when I tell you," I said.

"Here, this'll help," the leatherstud said, tossing his whip onto the floor beside me. I grabbed the handle and jammed it into Kyle's mouth, then—grabbing both ends—I jerked his head back. Kyle gurgled.

I had been holding off my explosion as long as I could, and it was about to get impossible. Abruptly I stopped, just in time.

More, more," Kyle moaned, through the whip butt.

"Shut the fuck up!" I shouted, jerking Kyle's head back roughly. I raised myself up, took a deep breath, spread his legs apart, and jammed my tool deeper into him. My jizm roared into his eager ass, a thunderstorm of manlove from a slave turned master. I kept pounding long after my explosion was over, until finally I collapsed in exhaustion on top of Kyle. I lay there, my heart pounding, my head buried in his wet hair.

The leatherstud swooped down on Kyle and me and lifted us onto the mattress. "Both of you are my slaves," he whispered. He ripped off his vest and removed his chaps, but not his boots or hood. His cock was thick at the base, long and tapered and veiny.

He cracked his whip several times. Then he lashed me across the back.

"Fuck me, master. Take me," I pleaded.

The leatherstud knelt behind me and spread my legs.

"All at once, put it in me all the way," I whispered.

His cockhead rested in the slit of my ass for a few seconds, then plunged in. My cock began to harden again inside Kyle, and he tightened his ass.

The leatherstud pumped in and out, in and out, growling and grunting. He fucked so hard that my cock moved in and out of Kyle's ass with the same rhythm. I alternately sucked and bit Kyle's neck, and the leatherstud put one arm around my chest, the other around Kyle's, and pulled hard on our tits.

"Nice butthole," the stud whispered to me. "I'm gonna see that it gets plenty of exercise." He shifted to a different angle and found virgin territory inside me. I threw my arms around his ass and pummelled his buns, and started pressing a finger into his crack.

"No! I'm the top, the master."

I jerked my hand away. The stud and I adjusted our rhythms into perfect synchronicity. When the leatherstud came—in a roaring torrent—I came inside Kyle, who shot into the mattress below.

We all lay absolutely still for a few minutes. Then the stud pulled his glistening cock out of me and I pulled out of Kyle. In a second I had unbound Kyle's wrists. The stud gathered his two slaves in a tight embrace, me to the left, Kyle to the right.

Despite the stud's caresses, Kyle was seething with anger and humiliation. He whispered in my ear. "Let's take him."

"Okay," I whispered back.

In a surprise attack, we pushed the leatherstud to the mattress. I grabbed the rope and tied his hands. At the same time Kyle lunged for the whip and bound his ankles.

"You two are gonna be—"

"Shut up," Kyle yelled, punching the stud in the side. Then he handed the stud's boots to me. "Put these on."

I took the boots and put them on slowly. Kyle ran his hand up and down my cock and I squeezed his tits, released them, squeezed them again. Kyle sat on the stud's back, I on his legs. The stud could

not move.

"Lie on top of him," Kyle said to me. Then he got up and put on my leather jock and the leatherstud's chaps.

I struggled to keep the stud down as he fought and squirmed and threatened.

"I'll hold him. You teach him some manners," said Kyle.

We traded places, and I reached down and pushed the leatherman's hard cock down.

"No! no!" he cried, but he knew he wanted it.

I straddled his legs and began playing with his balls and cock.

"Oh shit," he cried as I jabbed the tip of a boot against his shaft.

"Now we're both going to fuck you," Kyle said. For the double-fuck, Kyle had to untie the stud. He bent over and whispered, "You gonna cooperate?" No reply. "I asked you a question."

"Yeah, I'll cooperate . . . for now."

Kyle untied the stud's legs and spread them apart. "Bring me a couple of pieces of foam rubber," he said to me.

He lifted the stud's ass and slipped the two bolsters I handed him under the stud's crotch. Then he straddled the guy and motioned for me to come up behind him. I did so, keeping my legs between the stud's.

Kyle rammed his prick up the stud's ass. "Nice and tight. You ain't been fucked much."

The stud groaned but did not speak. Kyle reached around, took my cock, and stroked it lightly. I leaned into him and kissed his back and ran my bearded chin up and down it. He shivered.

"Watch," Kyle instructed, pushing my cock down so that it rested below where Kyle's cock lay in the stud's crack. He worked one finger into the stud's ass, then two, three, four. He moved his hand in and out, then grabbed my cock and thrust it through the stud's sphincter.

"No-o-o!" the leatherman cried.

Like Kyle, I ignored the cries and started pumping. The stud flailed about, and Kyle slammed his hand down hard on the leatherman's back.

"Keep it up and we'll put our fists in there too."

The stud quieted down.

When Kyle was in as far as he could go, he slowly withdrew, until he was nearly all the way out. As he started back down, I started up. We fucked our master like two pistons pumping in opposite directions. The leatherman grew more and more excited. He knew he was going to come and that when he did his sphincter would tighten and give us a tighter fuck. He came, and as he did, Kyle and I could feel the sphincter contract. It drove us crazy.

"I'm gonna come, Kyle," I whispered.

"Hold back, baby. Hold back," pleaded Kyle.

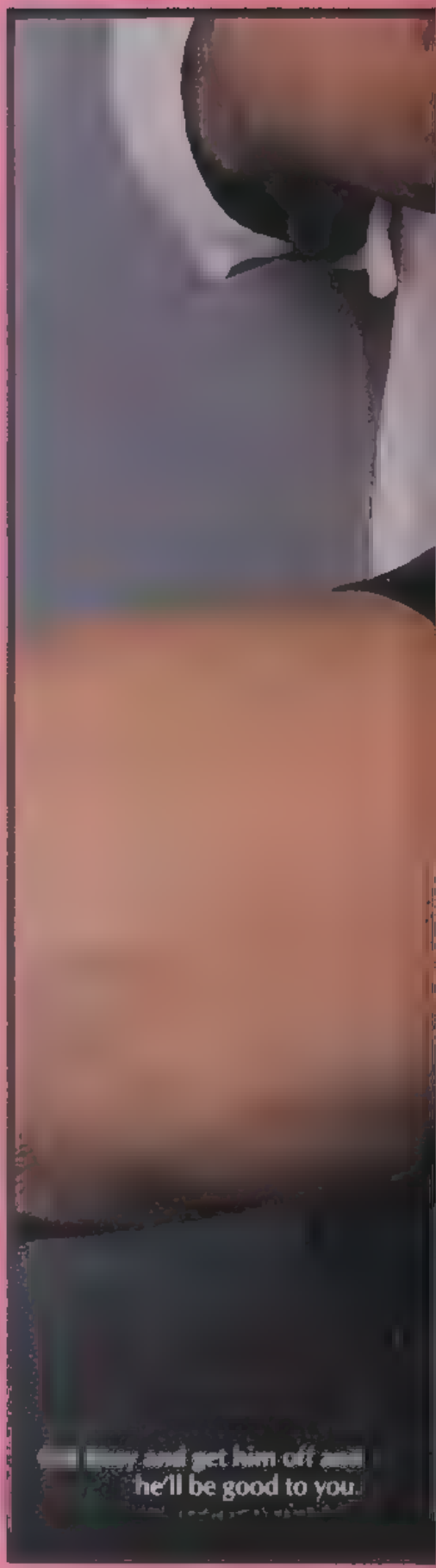
It was no use, the stud's ass was filled with a powerful blast of jizm which brought Kyle to quick climax. Afterwards, we turned the leatherman over, set him down, took off his manacles, and stood above him.

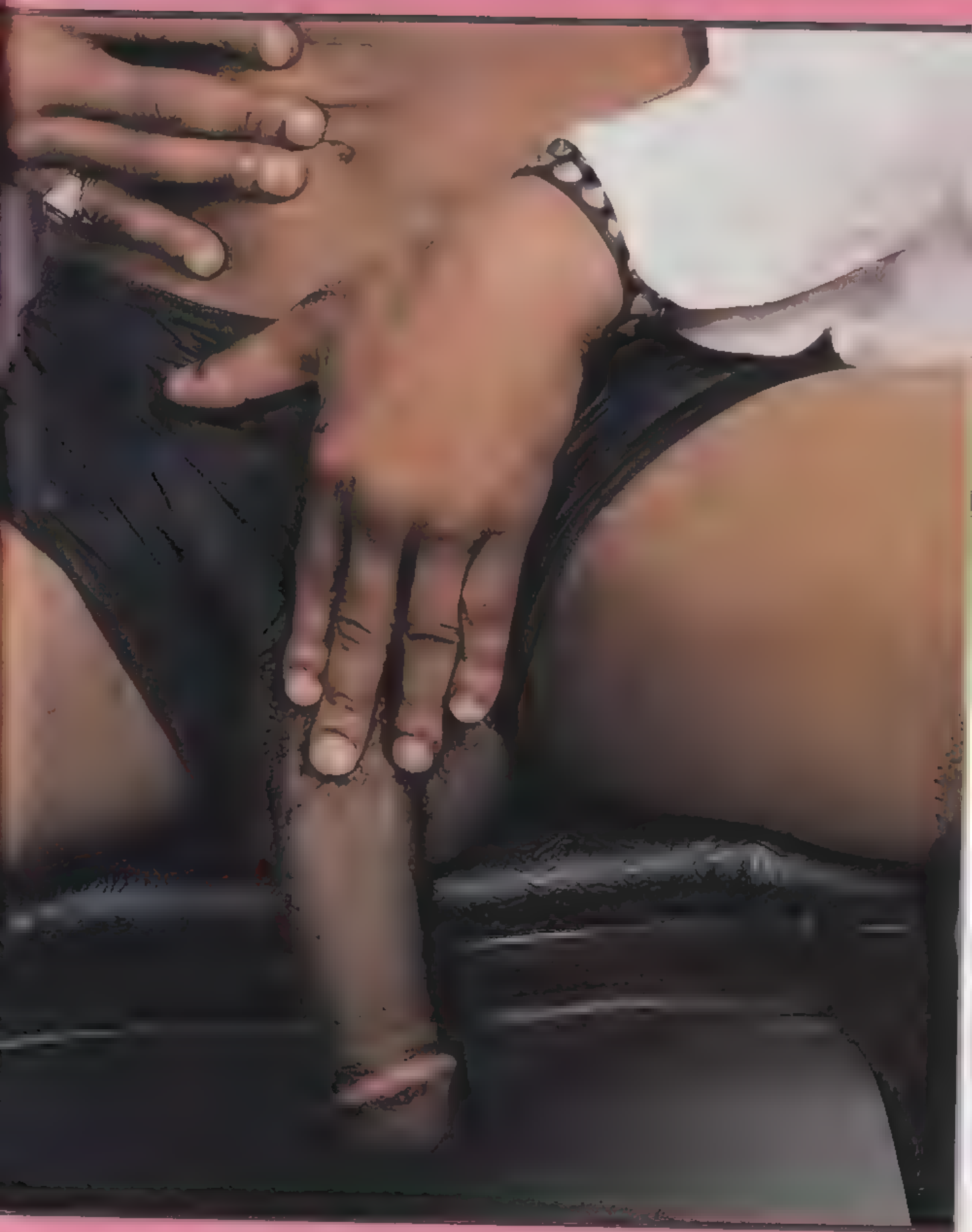
At first he stared at the mattress as if in a trance. Then he slowly raised his head and motioned for us to be seated. He reached up and pulled his mask off. It was the same guy I had seen in Kyle's office that morning. The stud and Kyle both laughed.

"This is Ace Roberts, our district manager," Kyle said.

Ace reached over and shook my hand. "Jeff," he said, a big smile playing on his face, "Kyle here tells my your work is excellent. I'm impressd myself. So impressed that I'm going to put you in charge of this warehouse. With a substantial raise, of course."

I was stunned. I looked at Kyle, who reached over and put his hand on my shoulder. "And those fringe benefits we told you about?" Kyle reached out and took Ace's shoulder. "You're lookin' at them."■


he'll be good to you.



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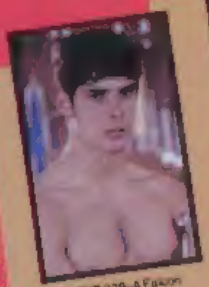

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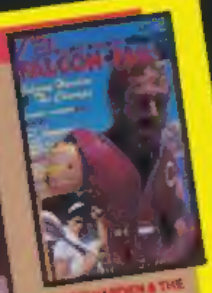

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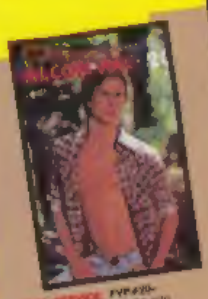

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